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JUNE 1925

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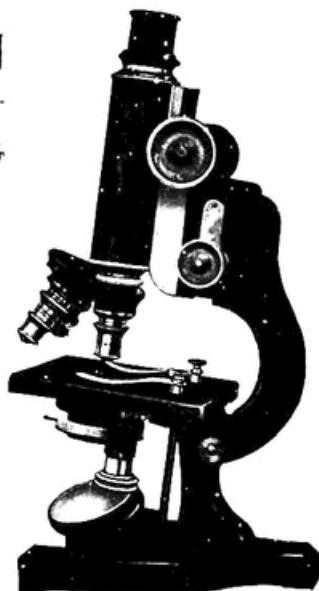
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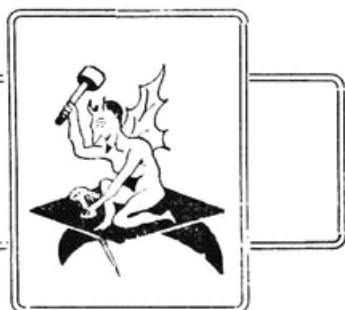
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Vol. ~~XXIII~~ XXIV

No. 1

### Editorial



"Of course this is cant; but very good cant for all that."  
—Editorial, June, 1922.

"Who can say positively," writes Sir Leslie Stephen, "that it would not be better for the world at large if his neck were wrung five minutes hence?"

Shifting the application a little, who can say positively that, were Victoria University College to depart skyward to-morrow (impelled perhaps by some eruptive experiment in the Science wing), the world or any part of it would be the worse off? All that parcel of land in the City of Wellington known as "The Old Clay Patch," would assume an aspect of mournful desolation till such time as hungry land agents became seized of its potentialities; the city lying beneath might possibly notice the absence of a familiar feature of its western landscape; some temporary confusion would result from the removal of certain facilities in certain departments of education. But would anything really important be lost to us? Would, for example, a University be gone? Can we in truth call ourselves a University?

To say what a University is, is simply to say what Universities have been. The first consisted of eager young men who sought to acquire the manner of thought of some man wiser than themselves; the latest consist largely of eager young men (and women) who seek to acquire the means of larger rewards than simple occupations can yield them. But all Universities, ancient, mediaeval, and modern, have two characteristics more or less in common: either wholly or partially they impart what is known as "a liberal education," that is, culture of the mind

for the sake of the mind; and, with few exceptions, they provide, during a few of the most important years of youth, a species of social education by virtue of a greater or less degree of community life.

Let us look ourselves hard in the eye. Does the instruction obtainable at V.U.C. merit the description of a liberal education, either wholly or in part? Or is it purely utilitarian? We are shamefully compelled to evade the problem by saying that a liberal education is here for the seeking—but that few seek it. Our Dominion is still too young to be able to know much of or to care much for anything that does not in some way concern its material development, whether in respect of its physical resources or of the individual status of its inhabitants. The Maori was only arriving here about the time Oxford was founded. The European had not yet arrived when Yale was founded. Who can say we do not do well if we take as much as our needs permit us from men who, over and above what they are permitted to give us, themselves hold to the ideal of a University proper?

But the ideal of a University proper includes something more than mere formal instruction in special fields. It includes opportunities of association between people who, from utilitarian motives or otherwise, are occupied in the cultivation of the intellect, and that at the period of life when the intellect is most restless and absorptive. Out of this association come elements that complement and co-ordinate the results of the lecture-room; the rubbing of mental wood together produces a flame in which the distinctive spirit of a 'Varsity is born. The result is character: high honour based on comradeship, nobility of ideal built upon mutual encounters in an atmosphere free from mercenary taint, loyalty to a common attachment, breadth of vision, tolerance; all qualified by human nature, maybe, but still sufficiently discernible wherever true University men are found. To what extent have we the means of attaining these things at Victoria? Let us evade the question again and ask rather how far we can secure to Victoria the potentiality of them.

The daylight hours of most of us are "cast deep in the mould of labour." Only "fag ends" of time remain for study. But at least there are "fag ends" of the "fag ends" of our waking hours when we can mingle with our kind. Is there any serious obstacle to the devoting of these fragments of time to the common interests of the 'Varsity? There is, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true. The vulgar physical fact of space intrudes to make our difficulty: we must tram and trudge, and climb forward and backward to College; the configuration of our corner of the earth compels it. Fortunate the man or woman in Wellington whose free time is free from wearisome periods of merely passing to and from wherever his interests lie. But blessed and thrice blessed the benefactor who will come forward with money or with schemes to secure the adjacent housing of those who would realise the fullest possibility of Victorian 'Varsity life.

It is all in the lap of the future. They that come after us will be better served than we in these matters. But our part—is it merely to stand and wait? When Victoria was as poor as a church mouse (which was before the mouse joined the Heretics' Club and lost its ability to pass through the eye of a needle) a

fine spirit animated the place and the men of that day gave it the whimsical, loving title of "The Old Clay Patch." The war saw the final sinking of that day; we can at least recover the spirit. If we do not, then we "fail to take the measure of our pride." What if our 'Varsity rank only among the "half gods"! It is to us Victoria, and while we are at Victoria, in Heaven's name let us be Victorians; the time we have to spare, let us spend heartily and loyally in some one or other, if not more, of the various club activities of the College, or even in the informal chatter of the Common Room 'tween lecture times, and so awaken the spirit of fraternity within our walls. "There is something beautiful about one's college days," says the author of "The Plastic Age," "something that one treasures all his life. As we grow older, we forget the hours of storm and stress, the class-room humiliations, the terror of examinations, the awful periods of doubt of God and man—we forget everything but athletic victories, long discussions with friends, college songs, fraternity life, moonlight on the campus, and everything that is romantic. The sting dies, and the beauty remains." We have no campus, we can muster little of the sentiment of romance, our sting is very slight; as for beauty, it is not a thing of the eye, but of the spirit that looks out through the eye—within the limits of our reference, the College spirit.

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## LOVE AND TIME

*From the Romaic.*

Love and I, one sunny morning,  
And my Dear one 'gan to climb  
Up the mountain, and together  
With us went old Father Time.

But the way was hard and stony,  
And my Dear one tired anon,  
While young Love with Time went striding  
Steadily and swiftly on.

"Wait," I said, "wait, Love, a little;  
Push not on so fast, I pray,  
Or the Dear one, my companion,  
Will be fainting by the way."

Then I looked, and they were spreading—  
Both of them—their wings for flight  
And they clapt them, and they flapt them,  
Sailing, sailing out of sight.

"Friend," I cried, "where are you flying?  
Where's the need for all this haste?  
Look you now! see how the Dear one  
Grows each moment more distress."

Then young Love, he turned towards us,  
And to me did plainly say  
This, that from the first his custom  
Was, with Time, to fly away.

—H. L. FOWLER.

## Aims and Ideals

*The following address was prepared by Professor J. Rankine Brown, Vice-Chancellor of the University of New Zealand for delivery at the Capping ceremony. Unfortunately, an untimely manifestation of the Capping spirit resulted in its remaining undelivered. The greater portion of it appeared in the local newspapers of the following day, but we feel that its full text should be made available in more permanent form for the perusal of students in their more thoughtful moments. It is the finest treatment of the subject we have read.—Ed. "Spike."*

I shall address myself mainly to the graduates in whose honour we have met, and shall begin by congratulating them in the name of the University of New Zealand as well as of a professor of the Victoria University College on the successful conclusion of their University career.

The Athenians exacted from their young men when, at the age of eighteen, after a careful inquiry or examination into their descent from free-born Athenian citizens, they were put in the class of ephebi or aspirants for citizenship, an oath or promise that they would fight bravely for their country—not abandon a comrade on the battle field—do what they could to advance the Commonwealth—obey the statutes and honour the ancestral religion.

The University of New Zealand exacts no promise from its graduates, but it expects them to go out into the world animated by a chivalrous desire to make it a better place than it was when at birth they entered into it. It also expects them to remember that they are the inheritors of a great tradition. The increase of knowledge began, I take it, as soon as man assumed the upright position, and the pursuit of knowledge by societies or combinations of men united for that purpose is of almost immemorial antiquity. Moses, we are told, was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Great philosophers like Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle conducted something like one-man universities, and towards the end of the Roman Republic the sons of well-to-do Romans like Cicero were sent to pursue their studies at Athens or Rhodes, just as the sons of well-to-do Englishmen used to be sent to Oxford and Cambridge and are still, I have no doubt, though those ancient places of learning have considerably changed their character in these democratic days. In more modern time the torch which was kindled at the earliest universities proper, Salerno, Bologna, Paris, Oxford and Cambridge, has now been carried round the world and is burning with no feeble light in these remote antipodes.

I ask you graduates to remember, therefore, you are the inheritors of great traditions and ask you to prove yourselves not unworthy of them.

There are many sides to a University and it exercises its influence on its students in many ways. It is essentially a place for the exercise of the intellect and University graduates have no right to any distinctive place in a community unless they have earned a right to take it by intellectual achievement. If a University is a place for distinction at all, it must be distinguished by the conquests of the mind.

We hear a good deal about the cultivation of character



among students, and that character is cultivated at a University I have no desire to deny. But character must be cultivated more or less unconsciously. A man who sets himself consciously to make a fine fellow of himself as a rule ends by making himself intolerable to his fellowmen. Character is a by-product. It comes as a consequence of a life devoted to the performance of the nearest duty, and the place in which character is successfully cultivated, if it be a place of study, is a place where study is the object and character the result.

In fact, it seems to me that for the average student the by-products of University life are the most important. It is true that the possession of a University degree is a passport to most of the professions—Law, Medicine, Teaching, and so on—and helps a man to make a living for himself. But there is a very sage remark of the Roman poet Lucretius that has been one of my guides through life. He speaks of a class of ambitious men who, "for the sake of livelihood lose or sacrifice the motive for living"—**propter vitam vivendi perdere causas**. Life is far more than earning a living, and it is because I consider that what I have called the by-products of University life are so important for the proper conduct of life that I wish to dwell upon them for a little.

It is true that one of the chief aims of a University is the dissemination of knowledge. But the pursuit of knowledge has only produced its richest fruit if it has produced a conviction of ignorance: the true University man or woman is not so much proud of the little he knows as ashamed of the great amount that he does not know. Intellectual humility is one of the most valuable lessons a student can and ought to learn. The teaching of Socrates is as true to-day as it was more than twenty-three hundred years ago. True knowledge is "not fancying that you know what you do not know." The want of insight of the narrow mind is the main reason why so many apparently well-laid plans come to grief. University training cannot by itself supply capacity; but it can stimulate talent and, above all, it can rescue a man from the dangers of a narrow and contracted view of life.

Another by-product which a student ought to take away with him as the result of his University career is the paramount importance of truth. I am referring at present to intellectual truth—the attainment of as correct views as are accessible to a man on all matters with which he is concerned. This conception a student does not acquire by actual teaching; it is in most cases the outcome of the attitude of his professor to his subject and the manner in which he presents it. Like most classical scholars I have derived my own views in the matter from Plato. No words are more common in that great seeker after truth than "let us follow the argument wherever it leads us," and it is as certain to-day as it was in the days of Greece when Socrates made it his text that in **intellectual sincerity** lies the chief hope of the human race. The Platonic or Socratic method of philosophical exposition involves the presence of an opponent, who states and argues for his view in opposition to the formidable Socrates. Often enough this opponent is a man of straw, who brings forward arguments merely that Socrates may demolish them, but the lesson is there, that before you can be said to have formulated a sound conclusion on any question you must have argued all round it and considered the arguments against as well as for a particu-

lar view. I believe that a good deal of the loose thinking and dissatisfaction of modern times is due to the fact that a large number of people adopt certain views about certain matters, very often without due consideration, and, ignoring the other side, read and study only the books which favour their own point of view. Such men are often strong men and influence the world. The man who sees both sides of a question is often unwilling to take up a decided attitude in any direction, but normally the type of character to which I am referring is essentially an ignorant propagandist and that is not the type of character that a University should produce.

Another lesson that University life ought to teach is that concentration is the secret, I do not say of success, for that word is apt to be misinterpreted, but of achievement. The life of a student must be a life of self-sacrifice; there are many things that he would like to do—most of them perfectly proper things in their own place and for others—that he must abandon. He must have singleness of purpose, and if you study the lives of all great men you will find that singleness of purpose has dominated them throughout. The wise Horace has said: "Each man should measure himself by his own foot rule." Put in more general language this piece of homely advice amounts to this: that the first duty of life is to seek to understand clearly what our strength will let us accomplish and then to do it with all our might. This may not to the spectator appear the greatest of possible careers, but the greatest career for each of us is the one in which we can be greatest according to the limits of our capacity.

Many of those who attend a University College in New Zealand are the beneficiaries of the State, in the sense that the expense of their education has to some extent been paid for out of the public purse. This is true of all University education, for fees alone, even when paid by the individual out of his own pocket, go a very small way towards running a University. Now the State is not entirely altruistic or unselfish in this matter. It does not contribute large sums of money for primary, secondary and University education merely that the individual may be enabled to make a living or, it may be, a fortune. The sole justification of this expenditure from the point of view of the State is the production of good citizens—of men and women who realise that above and beyond the duty that they owe to themselves they owe a larger and wider duty to the community in which they live. This duty they will discharge not necessarily by becoming public servants or by entering Parliament, but by a consistent life and conversation, by practising what I cannot better describe than in the old and hackneyed phrase, "the Christian virtues." This is a duty incumbent on all members of a civilised community. It is especially incumbent on University students from whom the community will naturally expect a greater return in proportion to the greater benefits it has conferred on them.

I may go further and say that if it is the function of the University to produce men of the widest minds, then the State must look to the University to produce its leaders—I do not mean in politics alone, but in all the various spheres of life. This truth is becoming yearly more and more perceived that the State must see to the well-being and equipment of its Universities if

it is to be furnished with the best quality in its citizens and its servants. Things are in our time too complicated and too difficult to be practicable without the best equipment, and this is true of private affairs and of ordinary business as it is of the management of the State. As is well known, America has for long been aware of this fact, and year by year finds avenues of employment for University-trained men and women, not merely as technical specialists, as chemists, electricians or engineers, but in connection with ordinary business management. I do not mean men who have taken a Commerce Degree; I mean men who have taken an ordinary Arts course, and even a man who has specialised in classics or mathematics. England has for some time been moving in the same direction. Has the business world of New Zealand so far shown any conception of this generally recognised fact—that the properly trained University man, no matter what his main subjects may have been, has probably developed certain qualities of mind that fit him to excel in almost any sphere of business life?

You may think that I have made unduly high claims for University teaching and the University trained man. It is quite certain that many students pass through a University without being influenced in the manner I have outlined. But I believe strongly that something like what I have said—and had I time I could say a great deal more—is the ideal towards which a University looks, and you can only judge an institution fairly if you consider its essence or its ideal. Many University men, like many professed Christians, are lamentable failures; but the failure of the individual does not impair the soundness of the ideal.

Are we carrying out these ideals in New Zealand? Well, I think we are doing our best; but we are hampered by many disadvantages. I have intentionally avoided all controversial questions. I have my views on University matters, but this is not the occasion on which to air them. This, I think, I may say without giving offence to anyone. I have a great respect for the various New Zealand Governments, which on the whole, have dealt generously with the University Colleges. I have a still greater respect for the four University Colleges which, in spite of the present situation are doing their best for their students. I have an even greater respect for the students themselves, who, in very many cases, are able to combine making a livelihood with attendance at University classes. But at the same time there is no use ignoring the fact that the present system which is so common in New Zealand of combining an ordinary avocation with attendance at a University College—of devoting the fag-end of an exhausting day to what in other countries takes up the entire time of a student—is unsound in principle, productive of little result, and in many cases a waste of public funds. The essence of University life is absorption in it for a certain number of years; its most important result is a spirit, an atmosphere; and this can, in very few cases, be attained by part-timers.

The time is approaching when in its own interest and in order to get adequate value for its expenditure the State, or private munificence, must see to it that those at least who are prepared to devote the time to it will have provided for them

adequate courses of instruction and full opportunities for University life, and not be subjected to the restrictions of a time-table and the meagre doses of instruction and mental discipline necessitated by evening classes.

One last word suggested by an event which has happened during the last few weeks. I would be the last person speaking from a University platform, and before conferring University degrees, to undervalue knowledge and intellect. But the more one sees of life the truer seem the words of the old sage: "Out of the heart are the issues of life." It is those qualities which, for want of a better definition, we ascribe to the heart, that really make life worth living, that make a man a useful member of society, that most commend him to his fellow-men and earn for him a lasting memorial in their recollection. I do not think it can be said that our late Premier was an intellectual man; he was certainly an able man, for no man without unusual ability could maintain the high position he had held so long in the affairs of this country, and which he had earned for himself in the councils of the Empire. But what called out the striking manifestation of universal respect so visible on the day of his funeral was not his intellectual pre-eminence, or even his great ability, but the fact that the people of New Zealand saw in him a man of honesty of purpose, sincerity, simplicity of character, absence of affectation, and devotion to duty.

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### HAPPINESS

Lo, the clouds steal by  
White against the sky,  
Bluest black;  
Full, the moon on high  
Smiles with me.

Brightest stars aloof,  
Radiantly roof  
Autumn's night;  
Loving life, I move  
Joyously.

Far beyond this earth  
The stars give birth—  
Bliss, their babe.  
Breezes dance with mirth,  
Water sings.

Sleep, oh quickly come!  
Far from this small room  
Let me soar,  
Fleeting ever, dumb  
With ecstasy.

—M.L.

## God to the World at the End of Time

Thou dost no good to shrink,  
Earth, at the ultimate brink  
Of space and being and wisdom and the years:  
This is the end of all—  
Gather to thee thy pall,  
Nor even think unprofitable tears.

The aeons totter—thou  
Fellow with aeons now,  
Thou hast existed, Earth, and hast thine end:  
The stars go out around—  
Blackness without a sound  
Blots Being: so doth ancient death impend.

Yet, ere I see thee go,  
Think, as thou diest so,  
Of what thy life hath been these million days  
Since first a flame of fire  
Shaped to my desire  
I cast thee in the wild aetheric maze.

Thou hast been sad, O Earth—  
Time wept to see thy birth,  
Time that had seen, and even then was old:  
Sad all the merriment  
Within thy border pent—  
Now sad, like Time, thy spirit groweth cold.

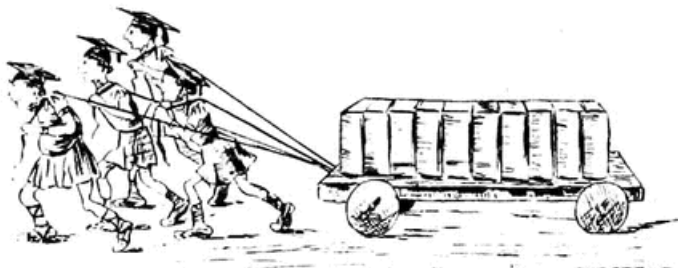
Brooding I watch and see  
Thy spirit struggling free—  
From age to age hast sought transcendence thou:  
Thee and thy Dante's soul,  
Thee Shakespeare, seeing whole  
Thy life, I too have seen, remember now.

Shaken with battle—dark  
Passionate self-made mark  
For all thy wanton raging hast thou been—  
Self-tortured, self-betrayed,  
Thyself thy saviour made,  
Thine is remorse, sorrow that cutteth keen.

For all thy sorrows take  
This, ere the heart doth break,  
For crown, that thou hast wonderfully striven.  
Earth, O be comforted!  
On border of the dead  
Receive the doom that dying Time hath given.

The systems fade; at last,  
Go, Earth, thy time is past;  
With thy companions sink nor rise again.  
In ruin I alone,  
God, lonely, seek my throne—  
Companionless and timeless I remain.

—J.C.B.



### THE PROCESSION

An objective examination of the psychological basis of the time-honoured absurdities of Capping Day would make a thrilling thesis for Honours in Philosophy. There are persons in the community who believe the matter settled in a few terse words of rude (extremely rude) simplicity, but they are in an apparent minority, if we may judge by the eager crowds who gather and laugh immoderately. Why do we do it? Is it to make these crowds laugh, or is it to express something in ourselves? We carry on a tradition widespread among 'Varsities; but why the tradition? Perhaps there is some excusable working of destiny in this wild assault upon accepted notions of decorum, some vivid assertion of the rights of the mental freedom resulting (or at least obtainable) from a liberal education; perhaps it is merely an essay at experience; perhaps (we but hint it), a species of reversion. However—

After a couple of years of enforced waiting, the day broke bright and clear, and wonderfully continued so. The expectant public were, as usual, much more punctual than the procession. The circus reached town (in other words, the intersection of Ghuznee and Cuba Streets) about an hour behind time, and kept such order as was consistent with its character until well past a generous collection of photographers and cinema men. The turnout was equal to the best we have seen; we have listened to some very high praises of it. There were skits upon juvenile judges, bathing beauties, bowling-green litigation, prohibition, fire-fighters, racehorses, and numerous other respectabilities which, after the manner of the student, we cannot for the life of us remember at this late hour. The fire-brigadesmen particularly appealed to us. And the super-dignified and beautifully-dressed Governor-General—let him but send his name in to the "SPIKE," and we will see that he obtains the next appointment. He actually looked the part!

We witnessed the beginning of the affair and the end of it. To the best of our knowledge, obtainable firsthand and from rumours, there was no incident in between that should worry the Powers-that-Be into another curtailment of this Capping liberty. In our humble opinion, the costumes of the bathing



beauties could, without any outrage upon health or decency, be replaced by those of Arctic explorers; but this is possibly a matter in which economic considerations prevail. A one-piece bathing suit is certainly easier to obtain than, say, a policeman's uniform.

The speeches in the Post Office Square we will not praise. They were of the earth—earthy. The best that can be said of them is by way of excuse, that they followed what appears to be a vogue among 'Varsities. The worst we will not say, beyond that the vogue is for us exhausted: the thing has been done here before. Let it now quietly relapse into the past, before it becomes a settled taint upon the 'Varsity humour. It is good to make the crowd laugh; it is not good to make it laugh according to Freud. We but encourage those who would like the procession to disappear entirely.

So passeth this Procession and the humour of it.

### GRADUATES' LUNCHEON

This noble and imposing event was this year held in Kirkcaldie and Stain's new tearoom (we believe its official name is Annexe, and that it is Jacobean). The luncheon was remarkable, indeed, unique—in that it was the first one in living memory at which a decent meal was provided and obtainable. What this means to the graduand, trembling on the brink of academic honour, no one can understand who has not been through the delightful yet terrifying experience; what it means to the graduate, mulcted not only for his own needs, but for the free feed of his brother and sister whom he delights to honour, any graduate will say. Thanks are hereby tendered to the architects and builders of the aforesaid structure of nourishment. We forget the details, but they went down all right.

Speeches were few. The President of that almost excessively named body, the Victoria University College Graduates and Past Students' Association, Mr. S. A. Wiren, proposed the toast of the Sovereign and then that of the new graduates, whom he welcomed into the fold in his own felicitous way. Mr. P. Martin-Smith (how he does keep bobbing up with new honours at these functions, bless him!) replied in his usual vein of optimistic idealism. Mr. Wiren then called on Mr. Arthur Fair to propose the toast of the College, remarking in doing so on the dizzy heights of respectability to which Mr. Fair, as new Solicitor-General and K.C., was so rapidly elevating himself. Mr. Fair replied with thanks and deprecation and then got on with the toast, recommending same to our earnest attention in a speech bright and amusing as of yore. Mr. P. Levi, the Chairman of the Council, thanked us, and after rendering the Final Chorus we dispersed in orderly fashion towards the Town Hall.

### CAPPING CEREMONY

This function, about which there seems to be less to say every year, was held in the Town Hall, which was filled to the brim with fond relatives and the merely morbidly curious, besides a phalanx of the student body (divided apparently into bridesmaids and others), on the afternoon of May 28th, after the exhausting preliminaries of the Procession and the Graduates' Luncheon. The hours of waiting were whiled away in the

usual fashion with mirth and melody, and we sincerely trust the vast gathering of admiring kinsmen, etc., were amused to the same extent as the participants. The profs were ranged grimly upon the stage and the graduates, in the choir-seats as last year, did their best to look wholly at ease.

Mr. Levi then made his usual unfortunately inaudible quota of remarks, and Professor Brown rose to deliver a speech that alas, remained largely unsaid. It was broken after four minutes by the singing (with more gusto than was put into the Final Chorus afterwards) of "John Brown's Body." Professor Brown thereupon declined to continue his speech, informed the songsters that he was ashamed of them, and threatened to close down the proceedings and confer the degrees in private. This thunderbolt was countered by "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and an evident willingness to allow the speech another airing, but the Vice-Chancellor was adamant and proceeded to confer the degrees with unoratorical dignity. The list lengthens every year and was notable this year for—we believe—the first Ph. D. conferred in New Zealand. An attempt was made to hail the graduates of the year musical-wise—a very worthy object, which we hope will meet with more success in the future than it did on this occasion. A heartbreaking rendering of the Final Chorus completed the ceremony.

We do not propose to moralise on the murdered address. Let the dead bury its dead. Apparently "John Brown's Body" will continue to be sung, and the blasphemy does not seem to us as outrageous as its reception would apparently indicate. And "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" was certainly rendered with enthusiasm and seeming sincerity.

But, O! Songs of Victoria College!

#### UNDERGRADUATES' SUPPER

The wildest, happiest, and most care-free part of the Capping celebrations was well up to the mark this year. The Supper was held on Wednesday, the 27th, when the top floor of the Rialto was the scene of some uproarious merry-making. The Committee responsible for the arrangements are to be congratulated upon the way in which everything was carried out. Sundry speeches were made, and replied to. Toasts were drunk heartily, e'en though some revellers were reduced to waving the flower vases in lieu of glasses. Miss M. Cooley and Miss T. Baldwyn added to the pleasure of the evening by recitations, and Mr. Len Daniel's songs were very enjoyable. Altogether, when the lack of edible commodities and the lateness of the hour caused a cessation of the celebrations, the participants carried away with them a longing for more.

#### THE BALL

*"It is sweet to dance to violins  
When Love and Life are fair;  
To dance to flutes, to dance to lutes  
Is delicate and rare. . ."*

This graceful and glittering function took place on Thursday, the 28th May, at the Town Hall. 400 people and a representative of the "Free Lance" were present and conducted themselves very amiably. The decorations were slight but artistic, the ladies dazzling. And the supper, oh, joy! was obtainable without difficulty or disorder.



## On Piracy as a Profession for Young Gentlemen\*

You, courteous and learned Reader, doubtless remember the melancholy episode in the life of that great man Tom Sawyer, when in the flower of early youth, disappointed in love, not understood (to quote the immortal Bracken), with all the most precious offerings of a noble soul lying in ruins about his feet, the boy took his agony to the everlasting sympathies of nature, and in the calm of the noon-day woods began to meditate. And he saw himself, as many a great-hearted gentleman had done before him, casting off the petty trammels of our ordinary morality, our anaemic civilisation, and forgetting the bruised heart, the shuddering soul, in the free and noble life of a Pirate. "How his name would fill the world, and make people shudder!" thought the boy. "How gloriously he would go ploughing the dancing seas, in his long, low, black-hulled racer, the 'Spirit of the Storm,' with his grisly flag flying at the fore! And at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weather-beaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutless at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and cross-bones on it, and hear with swelling ecstasy the whisperings: 'It's Tom Sawyer, the Pirate!—the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main!'"

This has always struck me as ambition enough for any man. Mr. Winston Churchill, so I have read, once gave great attention to the life of the Emperor Napoleon; how much better would his time have been spent in the study of the celebrated Captain Bartholomew Roberts, or Captain Thomas Tew, or many another gallant English gentleman. I do not mention the late Sir Henry Morgan, as he was a notorious liar, besides deserting his men on more than one occasion (not to mention the signal barbarity with which, as Governor of Jamaica, he hanged his former companions in arms) and not even a politician could find any real satisfaction in the contemplation of such a figure. But the long roll-call of the English pirates gives illimitable food for thought to any man with the blood of adventure astir in his veins; and

\*There is no valid reason of course, why any refined young woman should not adopt it as her life work as well; the careers of the celebrated Mary Read and Anne Bonny are conclusive proof to the contrary; but up to the present the profession has been almost exclusively in the hands of the male sex. I, myself, however, could point to more than one young girl at V.U.C. who—

no youth who meditates on the great deeds and immortal passages of arms which those names enshrine but can feel overcome with a rush of admiration and emulation. There has lately been a noticeable increase in the literature of piracy, and the most reputable and conservative publishing firms have not hesitated to bless with their imprimatur many a text-book on the science and art of robbery at sea. This is all to the good. There has been Lovat Fraser's edition of the classic work of Captain Johnson, a new edition of that monument of erudition, Esquemeling, a recent work of careful scholarship by Mr. Archibald Hurd, and

even a Pirates' Who's Who, a work henceforth as indispensable to the business man as his telephone directory and his subscription to the Employers' Association. Our Masefield, of course, we have always with us. It is a notable sign of the freedom, the buoyancy, the lack of cant and foolish sentimentality of our British spirit, that a European war and a temporary fall in the price of wool, with all the grave import of their consequent international complications, cannot keep our minds for long from the contemplation of the ancient traditions and noble deeds of our race. The renewed interest in the history and theory of Piracy is, I am convinced, a very significant index of the trend of the national mind; and where thought flies so insistently, action must inevitably follow. Britons will yet live to say, with tears of emotion streaming down their pride-flushed cheeks: "Thank God! the practice of Piracy is not dead!" I pray that I may see the day when among the crowded shipping clustered at our busy wharves, the Black Flag will spread proudly to the winds of heaven, and the wireless will be busy with the tidings of big prize-money out in Cook Strait. That day will dawn gladly when our mothers, in answer to inquiries after the future of the boy, will answer, with maternal pride kindling in the eye, that little Richard is going to be articulated to a Pirate.

And herein lies the purpose of this article. In so far as in me lies, I regard it as my humble duty to lay the facts before the youth of the country; and especially the cream of the intellect of New Zealand, our university students. It is obvious that the other learned professions are grievously over-crowded: Featherston Street is (if the expression be pardoned) lousy with lawyers; Lambton Quay is nearly as bad, and the overflow is now forced into Courtenay Place. Parsons (I am assured) in spite of the palpable absurdity of their existence at all in the modern world, are multiplying even at Victoria with the melancholy monotony and fatalistic persistency of the Otago rabbit; the Training College is annually glutted, so much so that it is able to comb out those students who exhibit modicum enough of originality of mind and behaviour to make them hopelessly inefficient as instructors of the young; and the government service is such that only a suicide pact among all officials over forty years of age will make room for the next relay of hungry sycophants. These things, I say, are obvious; but to anyone who contemplates with unbiassed mind the history and Imperial destiny of our race the remedy is equally obvious. Let us emulate the exploits of our glorious ancestors! What feats of careful organisation, what spirit, what courage, what combination of all the most sterling qualities of body and brain, were not possible to them who dared so greatly, in whom the swift service of the mind was so closely married to the deed! And shall we sit down in our pettifogging shame and turn our faces from that bright record; shall the scroll of fame wave in vain above our blasted heads; shall the golden letters of history shine in ineffectual waste, far from the dull orbit of our bat-like eyes, bleared with the contemplation of our own complacencies? Shall the white mountain peaks of endeavour glitter for ever unscaled by feet of ours? And shall we see our little children weep and wilt, perishing beneath the inadequate gaze of their parents, because in answer to the trummet-call of More Production, the worker will not Produce? And the

remedy is close to our hand, as a finely-tempered sword, loose in scabbard, that needs but a hand to extract it and carve a way to the vitals of the rich!

Was it not the great Longfellow who said:—

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime”?

I turn me to those noble volumes wherein are enshrined, like flowers that lose their fragrance not with time, the deeds of those mighty generations who made us what we are. And turn first to the noble prose (whose very cadence thrills us like a trumpet-call) of our English translator of the immortal Esquemeling. “The present volume,” he says, “both for its curiosity and ingenuity I dare recommend to the perusal of our English nation, whose glorious actions it contains . . . seeing it enlarges our acquaintance with Natural History, so much prized and enquired for by the learned of this present age . . . and besides, it informs us (with huge novelty) of as great and bold attempts in point of military conduct and valour as ever were performed by mankind: without excepting here either Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar or the rest of the Nine Worthies of Fame. Of all which actions, as we cannot but confess ourselves to have been ignorant hitherto . . . so can they not choose but be admired, out of this ingenious author, by whosoever is curious to learn the various revolutions of human affairs. But more especially by our English nation, as unto whom these things more narrowly appertain. We have more than half the book filled with the unparalleled if not inimitable adventures and heroic exploits of our own countrymen and relations, whose undaunted and exemplary courage, when called upon by our King and Country, we ought to emulate . . . From hence,” as he says, with that modesty that has ever been the mark of true valour, “from hence peradventure will other nations learn, that the English people are of their genius more inclinable to act than to write.” I turn me to the memory of the great Teach (known to the commonalty as Blackbeard) who, when he had guests used to blow out the candle in his cabin and fire his pistols at random under the table, who had fourteen wives at various parts of the West Indies, and who in the terrific hand-to-hand struggle with Lieutenant Maynard on the fatal November 21, 1718, was wounded in twenty-five places before he fell dead. It turn to Major Stede Bonnet, who took to the profession to escape his wife (although a wealthy merchant at Barbados) pursued a most successful career, and was hanged in that same melancholy year at Charleston; I turn to Captain John Jennings, “a man of good position, education and property,” who took to piracy for pure love of the life (an inspiring example); I turn to Captain Ben Johnson, who rose to be the Admiral of the Sultan of Ormuz, accumulated £800,000, was made a bashaw, and died a natural death at the end of a long and revered life of splendour; to Captain Richard Sawkins, who was loved by his crew and had great influence over them, in spite of the fact that he could not abide gambling—“a man,” says the historian, “whom nothing on earth could terrifie”; to Captains Coxon and Bartholomew Sharp; to the magnificent, the splendid Roberts, who drank nothing but tea, kept the Sabbath, took over 400 vessels, and died fighting like a Christian gentleman; I turn

finally to David Williams, who, although he was a "d—d bad pirate," morose, sour, unsociable, and ill-tempered, and "knew as little of the sea or of ships as he did of the Arts of Natural Philosophy," was yet a brave man, a soldier born, and an intimate friend of Dempo, the King of Madagascar. These, these were our ancestors; the blood that coursed in the hot veins of these gallant men runs in ours. Departing, they left behind them footprints on the sands of time that no envious tide can wash out, no wind cover up with the shifting grains of respectability. They are part of our life; they move across our history as the immortal stars march on the plains of heaven; their glory is shouted on the blast of every wind and sung in the surge of every sea. Surely we, flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone, will not betray the heritage they have handed down?

There are two ways of earning a living in these modern days. One is by piracy and one is by capitalism; and no young man of brains and breeding would willingly become a capitalist. So peradventure in the not far-distant future it may be granted to us to rub shoulders with swarthy seamen on the Quay, with gold rings in their ears and blood on their cutlasses; it may be our portion to hear gaudy parrots swear in Spanish and catch the glint of pieces of eight and moidores as the sailors gamble on the street outside the Duke of Edinburgh or the Pier; some day dew of heaven may irrigate the barren soil of our commercialism; we may, some fine morning as we stand on the hills that fringe our noble harbour, see the Black Flag unfurl itself in the sun below and hear faintly the distant song of the sailors as they warp their ship out into the bay. And as we turn proudly down the path to our quiet home we will know that we have solved our unemployment problem and are a nation. We shall have found our soul.

JUNIUS BRUTUS.

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### MISS LAVENDER

Lavender, Miss Lavender, I called her once, in play,  
Tho' no one ever spoke to her or passed her by the way,

And yet 'tis very certain that a maid divinely fair  
Inhabits my sweet garden, tho' I do not quite know where.

I seem to hear her footstep with the first bright glint of morn  
As she laughs along the borders, or walks upon the lawn;

And once I saw her dainty gown beyond the flowering bed,  
Yet, when I turned the garden path, Miss Lavender had fled.

—D.H.

V.U.C. TOURNAMENT REPRESENTATIVES, 1925.



Back Row: W. E. Wilson, I. A. Hart, C. W. Davies, A. R. Cooper.  
 Middle Row: C. R. Lovatt, R. M. Campbell, S. E. Baume, Miss E. Madeley, C. M. Smith., Miss  
 O. Sheppard, A. D. Priestley, C. B. Allan.  
 Sitting: C. G. S. Ellis, Miss M. A. Tracy, F. H. Paul, R. R. T. Young, Miss I. Thwaites, F. S. Hill.  
 Absent: M. Leadbetter, R. I. M. Sutherland, M. C. Amadeo, R. D. Lander, A. Gilliver, A. B.  
 Marshall, B. R. O'Brien.

Photo by Vinsen.

## Twenty-First Annual Inter-'Varsity Tournament held at Christchurch, Easter, 1925

### OUR TEAM—ATHLETICS.

100 yds. . . . .	M. Leadbetter, F. S. Hill.
220 yds. . . . .	M. Leadbetter, F. S. Hill.
440 yds. . . . .	C. B. Allen, C. W. Davies.
880 yds. . . . .	C. B. Allen, C. W. Davies.
One Mile . . . . .	A. D. Priestley, C. M. Smith.
Three Miles . . . . .	A. D. Priestley, C. M. Smith.
One Mile Walk . . . . .	C. R. Lovatt.
120 yds. Hurdles . . . . .	R. W. Lander, R. I. M. Sutherland.
440 yds. Hurdles . . . . .	R. W. Lander, R. I. M. Sutherland.
Long Jump . . . . .	A. E. Gilliver, R. I. M. Sutherland.
High Jump . . . . .	M. C. Amadeo.
Putting the Shot . . . . .	No representative.
Throwing the Hammer . . . . .	No representative.

### TENNIS.

Men's Singles:	R. R. T. Young, F. H. Paul.
Men's Doubles:	R. R. T. Young and F. H. Paul, C. G. S. Ellis and B. R. O'Brien.
Ladies' Singles:	Misses M. A. Tracy, O. M. Sheppard.
Ladies' Doubles:	Misses Tracy and E. Madeley, O. M. Sheppard and I. Thwaites.
Combined Doubles:	Miss Tracy and R. R. T. Young, Miss Sheppard and F. H. Paul.

### BOXING.

Middleweight . . . . .	A. R. Cooper
Welterweight . . . . .	I. A. Hart
Lightweight . . . . .	P. B. Marshall
Featherweight . . . . .	W. E. Wilson

### DEBATING.

R. M. Campbell	S. E. Baume
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### TOURNAMENT DELEGATES.

R. R. T. Young	F. H. Paul
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The Aucklanders arrived in Wellington at mid-day on Thursday, and were carried per medium of the Bell buses to a sumptuous (we hope) repast at the Y.M.C.A. The majority of our team went south with the Aucklanders on Thursday night. The weather behaved itself, the noble ship breasted the waves in splendid fashion and the team reached Christchurch intact. On the station of that fair city the arduous task of assigning billetees to billetees was carried out more or less expeditiously, in spite of interference on the part of the police.

The visitors were allowed Friday to acclimatise themselves, and to see the sights, while those of our tennis representatives who so desired were given permission to use the Avonside Club Courts.

On Saturday the real business of the tournament commenced, or at least part of the scheduled programme was entered upon. According to the programme we were to be accorded a reception at 9.30 at the Canterbury College Courts, Hagley Park, and at 10 a.m. the Tennis Championships were to be commenced. The gods, however, decreed otherwise, and although the reception took place, the commencement of the tennis had to be postponed until the following Monday morning. All things have their compensations, however, and in this case some tennis representatives were able to see the boxing preliminaries, who would not, otherwise, have been able to do so. On the other hand, the necessity of playing tennis on the Monday prevented many enthusiasts from being spectators of the athletic contests. Alas for "Wikitoria," the preliminary rounds of the Boxing Championships were the only ones in which our representatives took any active interest.

On Sunday there was a special service in the Cathedral, conducted by the Archbishop of New Zealand, and during the afternoon the visiting teams were taken for a motor drive through Sumner, Lyttelton, Governor's Bay, and so home by way of Dyer's Pass Road.

Monday was a busy day. Tennis and Athletics filled the daylight hours, while in the evening the debate is supposed to have taken place. As usual, this contest was subjected to several interruptions. The interjections may have been witty—we cannot say, as they were so numerous as to make it impossible to distinguish any particular one, while the gramophone "stunt" was distinctly overworked.

Tuesday saw the conclusion of most of the Tennis Championships, and in the evening came the Ball, which begged description. And so, on Wednesday—sad farewells, and the return journey commenced, culminating on Thursday morning when we arrived in Wellington to be welcomed in tearful fashion by the weather, no doubt on account of our lowly position in the race for the Tournament Shield.

### ATHLETIC CLUB.

The sports were held on Easter Monday, as usual, at Lancaster Park when the track, although having been well soaked with heavy rains during the preceding days, was drying rapidly. The weather was well-nigh perfect for an athletic contest—plenty of sunshine, with little if any wind.

Our team was not successful, the main reason being that after a strenuous season here in Wellington, the runners were beginning to get stale. Some of our runners always seem to go off a bit about Easter time. These men should never worry over their events, and should remember that the College only expects them to do their best. It expects no more.

Otago, as usual, distinguished themselves by their all-round good showing, their most outstanding performer being H. D. Morgan, who, in winning both events, equalled the 120 yards hurdles record and established new figures for the 440 yards hurdles.

The most successful competitor for us was that ever-smiling Malcolm Leadbetter. Previous to these sports, Leadbetter had shown that he was head and shoulders better in the



100 yards than the next sprinter in New Zealand. In the Furlong he had another very easy win, winning by several yards; while F. S. Hill excelled himself in obtaining second place.

The middle distance events proved surprises for us. It was hoped that Wellington would get first and second in the 440 yards, and at least a first in the half mile. We were doomed to disappointment, because C. B. Allen and C. W. Davies were both off colour.

Ridgen (Canterbury) ran a well-judged race in the former event, while Forbes (Otago) used his head in the latter.

Both R. Lander (120 yards Hurdles), and A. Amadeo (High Jump) gave good performances and obtained points for the College in their respective events.

In the two distance events we expected some points, but A. D. Priestley, who had injured his ankle a few days before leaving for Christchurch, found it too weak for much exertion. After the one mile, the ankle was so bad that he did not start in the three miles. This left the event open for Vallance.

In the Hammer, Otago easily gained 1st and 2nd place, while C. E. Low won both the Long Jump and Putting the Shot, in the latter event establishing a new record.

McKenzie (Otago), winner of the One Mile Walk, as usual came in for a lot of criticism. The judge passed him and he also created a new record.

W. G. Kalaugher (Auckland) gave a fine performance in the High Jump, clearing 5ft. 7½ in., breaking the then standing record. Kalaugher now belongs to us, and the writer can only say that he will have many wins in this line of sport. W.G. will be a decided asset to our Club, as he is good in hop-step-and-jump, hurdles, high-jump and javelin.

In the relay race our team, consisting of Davies (880 yds.), Allan (440 yds.), Hill and Leadbetter (220 yds. each), ran a race of which they can be proud. Each man used his head and this was one of the reasons why they won. Special mention, in this race, should be made of Leadbetter. He ran the best furlong of his career, running home a winner by a clear yard. Otago thought they had the relay in the bag, until Leadbetter got busy. The spectators were not slow to show their appreciation of his sterling performance.

## BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The preliminary bouts of the boxing were held in the King Edward Barracks on Saturday morning. Victoria College had only four representatives, the team containing neither of the extreme weights, bantam and heavy.

In the Featherweight, W. F. Wilson (V.U.C.) put up a very good showing against Hughson (C.U.C.). Hughson was the more experienced boxer, but Wilson scored repeatedly with straight lefts, and at all times had his opponent thinking. Hughson won on points by a narrow margin.

In the Lightweight, P. B. Marshall (V.U.C.) met Frank (A.U.C.). Frank is a very pretty boxer and a delight to watch. Marshall boxed forcefully, but at times missed badly and did not reproduce the form shown in the College try-outs. Frank won a good fight.



I. A. Hart (V.U.C.) had the better of the first round against Petre (C.U.C.) in the Welterweight preliminary. By the third round, however, Hart's condition had given out, perhaps due to the fact that he had had some difficulty in making the weight. His opponent had things much his own way in the fourth round and was awarded the verdict.

In the Middleweight, Drader (C.U.C.) had too long a reach for A. R. Cooper (V.U.C.). Cooper possesses a good solid punch, but did not get many opportunities of landing it. He would have done better to have mixed the fighting more and got in closer to his opponent; four two-minute rounds were rather more than he could stand.

The Finals of the boxing were held the same night and produced some good bouts. The biggest surprise was the defeat of J. C. Leckie (O.U.), New Zealand light-heavyweight champion, by J. T. Burrows (C.U.C.) in the heavyweight division.

### DEBATE.

The contest for the Joynt Scroll was held at Canterbury College on Monday evening. Christchurch has not yet permitted herself the luxury of a Town Hall, regarding, we understand, the River as a sufficient monument to the munificence of her citizens. This is rather unfortunate, for even if the audience had exhibited the utmost tranquillity, which it didn't, the hall would have left everything to be desired.

The motion was: "That the influence of Euro-American civilisation on Native cultures is to be regretted." Otago and Canterbury affirmed, Victoria and Auckland denied, Professor Shelley filled the chair, Archdeacon Haggitt and Messrs. E. J. Howard, M.P., and A. T. Donnelly judged, and several people sitting near the front of the hall heard fairly considerable portions of a number of speeches.

In the first debate Otago opened with Mr. McClintock, who announced his intention of dealing with general principles. He conversed in an inoffensive monotone regarding the excellence of native cultures, and indicated disapproval of the degradation that followed in the wake of our Christian civilisation; he also examined in some detail the increased mortality amongst the Esquimaux, and gravely doubted whether the Congo atrocities were an unmixed blessing to the natives. Mr. Baume, who was in excellent form and serious mood, allowed that native cultures had sometimes been destroyed, but he was proud to be able to report that something better had invariably been substituted in lieu thereof. Both India and China were reaping to an ever-increasing degree the benefits of contact with the West; freed from their abject dependence on the whims of Nature, the people were surely guiding themselves into a state of greater excellence than they had ever known. Miss Todhunter was Otago's second speaker. She pointed to the declining numbers in some native populations, an excellent point once you concede, as is almost universally and enthusiastically conceded in this age and generation, that a numerous population is to be desired for its own sake. Her "secondly" referred to the ennui that must surely overtake us all, blacks as well as whites, when the way of life has been made easy (she did not refer to the Congo

to illustrate); and, thirdly, she deplored the loss of native art. Her speech was undoubtedly amongst the best half-dozen of the evening. Mr. Campbell, the final speaker, was understood to say that not-with-standing all the removable wrongs that disfigure Western civilisation, and despite the good that is in Eastern cultures, yet the East to-day profits by contact with the West (and vice versa). He did not share the illusion that the primitive savage enjoyed a life of unalloyed bliss. As for the atrocities of the Congo, these belonged to the dead past and were not relevant to the debate. Culturally, he averred, the world was a unity, and contact between its widely different people was as desirable as it was inevitable.

In the second debate, Canterbury versus Auckland, the first speaker (Mr. Haslam, Canterbury), was fortunate in being able to say his piece with hardly any interruption. In carefully-rehearsed and excellently-rounded periods he contrasted the happiness of the native yesterday with his misery to-day; amongst other mishaps, "his ancient aptitudes have atrophied" (no sensation). Auckland's Mr. Black devoted practically the whole of his fifteen minutes to a vindication of the influence of civilisation on the Maori, incidentally scouting the idea that the natives' sole occupation nowadays consists of diving for pennies. Mr. Brassington declared that the Maori of the pre-Captain-Cook era was more in harmony with his surroundings than is his dusky descendant in our midst. Mr. Thompson, for Auckland, concluded this debate and the evening's entertainment with what appealed to us as the best speech of the contest. But he, too, confined his attention almost exclusively to the race problem of New Zealand, which, after all, was only a small part of the subject embraced by the motion.

While the judges deliberated, we scanned the list of mighty men whose names are inscribed indelibly on the Scroll of Joynt, and, subject to correction, we calculated that Victoria had annexed the shield in precisely fifty per cent. of the twenty contests, Otago and Canterbury each having four wins, and Auckland two. Further research was unhappily interrupted by the welcome reappearance of the judges, who adjudged Victoria the winner of the twenty-first contest, and Miss Todhunter's the best speech of the evening.

#### TENNIS

Owing to rain setting in on the Saturday, the preliminary rounds of the tennis tournament were not commenced until the Monday morning.

The standard of play shown this year was not quite up to that of former years, largely owing to the conditions under which the matches were played. Partly to the wind and partly to the damp courts, the players could not settle down and produce their best efforts. The weather could not be avoided, but another cause of disconcertment to players and one which could have been remedied, was the crowding of the side lines during the more important games. This was especially noticeable in the final of the men's singles, the court being crowded to the side line, a condition under which the players could hardly be expected to do themselves justice.

Victoria's team this year was slightly stronger than that of the past few years, but only succeeded in filling second place in two of the events. Had Miss Tracy, our first lady and holder of the singles title, been able to strike her usual form, we would have made a more definite bid for the singles and combined events. Russell Young played well during the championship, and put in a very strong claim to the title in the final of the singles. It is with great pleasure that we note that Victoria's men are again up to the standard of the other colleges.

The standard of play in the men's singles was good right through.

Young, our top man, in the first round beat Hunter, Canterbury's second string, and in the semi-final defeated Turner, Auckland's second player, who had won a great match from Smyth (Otago), the runner-up of the singles for the past few years.

Young's score against Turner was 6-4, 4-6, 6-3. In the last set the Victorian made very few mistakes and played finished tennis. In the top half F. H. Paul went down to Entwistle, of Auckland. Robinson (Canterbury), by defeating Entwistle 7-9, 6-2, 6-2, in the top half, thus became the other finalist. The final between Robinson and Young was a good game, both players hitting hard and accurately. Although Robinson secured the match in straight sets the result was often in doubt. The players were frequently crowded for playing room, and many side-line shots were thus spoiled.

In the Men's Doubles, R. R. T. Young and F. H. Paul, our first pair, after defeating Otago's seconds went out to Fish and Hurter, Canterbury's second pair. C. G. S. Ellis and B. R. O'Brien, our second pair, struck Otago's top double in the first round and went down 6-2, 7-5. Smyth and Fulton (Otago) were successful in this event, losing only eight games in the semi-final and final. Smyth, who holds the New Zealand Doubles Championship, was very ably backed up by his partner, Fulton, the possessor of a clever and fast volley.

In the Combineds we were perhaps a little unfortunate in that the finals were played off after the Tournament Ball—alas! In the top half the finalists were. Smyth and Miss Ballantyne (Otago), who had beaten F. H. Paul and Miss O. Sheppard, our second pair, in the opening round.

In the lower half, R. Young and Miss Tracy, Victoria's first string, had defeated in the first round Entwistle and Miss Asser (Auckland's seconds), and in the semi-final had played very well against Robinson and Miss E. Partridge, Canterbury's top pair, whom they had beaten 3-6, 6-4, 6-3. In the final played on the Wednesday morning, our first pair had slackened considerably, and Smyth and Miss Ballantyne romped home in straight sets, the score being only 6-3, 6-1.

In the Ladies' Singles, Victorians had hoped to see this event fall to the Green and Gold, but it was not to be. In the opening round Miss Tracy, our top lady, was drawn against Miss Winnie Partridge (Canterbury), and Victoria won a very close and hard game at 6-5, 6-5. Miss O. Sheppard, our second string, went out to Miss E. Partridge, Canterbury's top player, who, in turn, was beaten by Miss E. Miller, the young Auckland.

Miss Tracy in the top semi-final succumbed to Miss Ballantyne, the score being 6-2, 2-6, 6-2. Miss Tracy played clean, brilliant stroke tennis, but was beaten by the southern girl's consistency. It was then thought that Miss Ballantyne would avenge Smyth's defeat in the men's singles and carry off the ladies' event, but in the final Miss Miller (Auckland) proved even more steady than Miss Ballantyne and won in straight but very long sets. It was a great achievement of Miss Miller's, as she is still a very young player. To annex the Singles Championship on her first appearance—and against players of the Misses Tracy, Ballantyne, Partridge type is a record of which she may well be proud. We heartily congratulate her. By the way, this victory gave rise to one of the nicest unofficial episodes of the whole tourney, the Auckland team making a presentation to Miss Miller in the train as we were being hurried on our return to the "Wahine."

The Ladies' Doubles was won by Otago's top pair, Misses E. Ballantyne and I. Romans. Miss R. Gardner, who, with Miss Tracy was our first string, was at the last minute unable to accompany the team and was replaced by Miss E. Madeley. Misses O. Sheppard and I. Thwaites comprised our other pair, but both pairs failed to outlive the opening round.

Thus Otago carried off the Shield, by claiming all three Double events, with Auckland and Canterbury annexing a single championship each. Our congratulations to Otago on their win, as we remember their ill-luck of last year when they fought out three finals without success.

Next year should see some very keen competition for places in the Easter team. All the four men of this year's team will be playing hard to retain their places, and we have some good players who will endeavour to dislodge them, including Rowland Ferkins, the present holder of the New Zealand Junior Singles. With the ladies there should be very keen competition, as only one or two of this year's representatives will be competing again for selection.

Otago hold the Shield, and on their own courts down in the Exhibition City they will no doubt take some beating.

# EASTER TOURNAMENT—OFFICIAL RESULTS ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Event.	First (2 points)	Second (1 point)	Time or Distance	Record
100yds.	M. Leadbetter, V.U.C. ..	J. J. Brownlee, O.U. ....	10 2-5 secs.	10 secs.
220yds.	M. Leadbetter, V.U.C. ..	F. S. Hill, V.U.C. ....	23 3-5 secs.	22 4-5 secs.
440yds.	C. L. Ridgen, C.U.C. ....	C. B. Allen, V.U.C. ....	52 3-5 secs.	51 2-5 secs.
880yds.	J. G. Forbes, O.U. ....	C. W. Davies, V.U.C. ....	2 mins. 3 secs.	2 mins. 1 2-5 secs.
One Mile	L. E. Jordan, O.U. ....	W. R. Vallance, A.U.C. ..	4 mins. 36 4-5 secs.	4 mins. 31 4-5 s.
Three Miles	W. R. Vallance, A.U.C. ..	B. Cox, O.U. ....	15 mins. 41 secs.	15 mins. 24 secs.
One-mile Walk	J. A. C. Mackenzie, O.U. ..	C. N. Nicholls, A.U.C. ..	6 mins. 51 4-5 secs. (record)	
120yds. Hurdles	H. D. Morgan, O.U. ....	R. W. Lander, V.U.C. ..	16 secs. (15 4-5 secs. heat) (record)	
440yds. Hurdles	H. D. Morgan, O.U. ....	C. E. Low, C.U.C. ....	58 2-5 secs. (record)	
High Jump	W. G. Kalaugher, A.U.C. ..	M. C. Amadio, V.U.C. ..	5ft. 7½ in. (record)	
Long Jump	C. E. Low, C.U.C. ....	W. J. Scott, O.U. ....	20ft. 6½ in.	22ft. 8½ in.
Putting-the-Shot	C. E. Low, C.U.C. ....	H. L. Grey, A.U.C. ....	Tie, 34ft. 9½ in. (record)	
Throwing-the-Hammer	J. G. Leckie, O.U. ....	H. D. Morgan, O.U. ....	124ft. 5in.	131ft. 5in.
Relay Race	V.U.C. ....	B. Dunne, O.U. ....	3 mins. 53 4-5 secs.	3 mins. 45 secs.

## BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Heavyweight—J. T. Burrows, C.U.C.  
Middleweight—H. E. Fyfe, O.U.  
Welter—F. W. Petre, C.U.C.  
Lightweight—L. C. Cotter, O.U.  
Featherweight—V. C. Rickard, A.U.C.  
Bantamweight—D. Martin, C.U.C.  
Challenge Shield—C.U.C.

## DEBATING CONTEST.

Joynt Scroll—V.U.C. (S. E. Baume, R. M. Campbell).  
Best Speaker—Miss N. Todhunter, O.U.

## TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Tennis Challenge Cup—O.U.  
Men's Singles—W. R. Smyth and J. R. Fulton, O.U.  
Ladies' Singles—Miss E. E. Miller, A.U.C.  
Ladies' Doubles—Miss E. Ballantyne and Miss I. Romans, O.U.  
Combined Doubles—E. B. Smyth and Miss Ballantyne, O.U.

## SHOOTING.

Haslam Shield—A.U.C.

## TOURNAMENT SHIELD.

O.V. 15; A.U.C. 8; C.U.C. 8; V.U.C. 4.

## The Futility of Vergil

(The Opinions of a Fresher).

If Hannibal, "the unknown avenger," was faced with a well-nigh impossible task when he commenced his memorable journey across the Alps, how much more difficult to our untried searching are the insurmountable grammatical constructions and the intricate poetical devices employed by Vergil? Hannibal, I contend, had far fewer problems than have such as we. At the end of his day's upward toil he slept the dreamless sleep of the truly weary. But we, though tired with endless hours spent in the study of dictionaries (and, possibly, more effective aids to translation), are haunted even in dreams by dire phantoms fresh from the pages of Vergil, by dread forebodings of the examination looming nearer. Only last night, in the stilly hours of slumber, I was myself pursued by "avenging Furies" and squads of "black serpents," and stumbling on with panting breath and leaden feet, was hustled at last into the awful presence of immortal Jupiter himself, who, bending his stern gaze upon me, demanded in tones of thunder, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"Not prepared, sir!" I quavered. I managed thus to escape for the time; but my hour must inevitably come.

I have not the slightest doubt that all this trouble has some direct cause, and it is my intention, dear brother Fresher, to penetrate to the root of that trouble. It appears, in the first place, that Vergil makes unjustified use of hyperbole in its worst forms. Nothing could be more disconcerting to a youth of tender years than to read, for instance, that a certain priestess invoked, at one sitting, "three hundred gods." Judging by the titles "of learned length and thundering sound" with which many of the gods were dignified, and allowing her, say, five minutes for each incantation, we arrive at the significant conclusion that she filled the courtyard and twenty-five consecutive hours with her unearthly shrieks! Small wonder that she executed her business "with torn hair."

It is not here, however, that the real source of the trouble lies. We must attach the blame to our present style of translation. Perhaps it is partly to the impossibility of retaining vividness in translating, partly to the lack of any spark of enthusiasm or poetic inspiration in ourselves, that the futility of Vergil is due. As one of the mighty masters of Latin has said, "Truly, this is a most unpoetic generation," and this, I believe, indicates the immediate source of the difficulty and the wide field for improvement.

I might suggest that far greater pleasure and satisfaction would be derived from the translation of Vergil if students, in preparing the set lines, were allowed to employ the use of poetry and sufficient humour to provide interest in the work. Of course, to give weight to my arguments, I should be able to exhibit a portion of translation set forth according to my ideas, and after a little serious thought, I have produced the necessary sample. Here I give a rendering of lines 642-650: "At trepida et coeptis, etc.," that grand climax to Aeneid IV., so arranged as to demon-

strate the excellent effect resulting from this new style of translation:—

But Dido, terror-stricken, started trembling like a chicken,  
And her beacon-lights were rolling in her head;  
And her colour came in snatches in a lot of hectic patches,  
As she thought of what she'd do when she was dead.  
... Like a disaffected "Fido" up the altar galloped Dido—  
Dragged the second-hand incisor from its case;  
(Old Aeneas when he gave it never thought that she would save it  
For the purpose of tattooing half her face!)  
There the poor distracted maiden found a sofa relic-laden,  
And his evening suit reposing in a heap.  
With a shriek of execration and a brief consideration,  
She extended on the top—and went to sleep!

I have no hesitation in affirming that much of the drudgery of Vergil could be successfully eliminated if those in authority could see their way clear to sweep away time-worn traditions and adopt this new and fascinating method. All that is required is a moderate amount of ingenuity and sensitiveness to humour in the student, and an honest desire on the part of the professor to bring to light whatever talent may be lying dormant in the class.

D.J.D.

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### WELLINGTON RAIN

Grey ships, grey sea, grey sky—all, all are grey,  
Grey with a dreary greyness; the lost sun,  
The elements match'd against him, bent on fun,  
Retires dishearten'd from the unequal fray;  
The ruffian wind assails and holds brief sway.  
The watery firmament, no whit outdone,  
Folds in his sombre mantle, one by one,  
City and hill and sand and storm-toss'd bay.  
Then comes the rain down each deserted street—  
The drifting, eddying, turmoil-hushing rain—  
Falling on roof and pavement murmuring still;  
And ever and anon with hurrying feet  
Some lone pedestrian comes, and goes again,  
Wrapt in his greatcoat, cheerless, damp and chill.

—D.J.D.





# The Visit of the Oxford Debaters

## THE VISIT

In July of last year a letter was received from the Union Society, Oxford, proposing that a Debating Team from Oxford University should visit New Zealand and Australia in February or March of this year, each University to pay a proportion of the team's expenses. The team had arranged to visit the United States and Canada, debating at the Universities there, and planned to visit New Zealand and Australia before returning to England.

The proposal was enthusiastically welcomed at V.U.C., and also at the other three Colleges, and as a result it was found possible to arrange for the visit, the team eventually arriving at Auckland on 26th March. The visitors had previously taken part in six debates in Canada, forty in the United States, and one in Hawaii, and had incidentally spent some three weeks in Fiji on their way to New Zealand.

Owing to the late arrival of the "Tofua" at Auckland (she was 3 days late, a fact which nearly upset the whole of the programme in New Zealand), only one debate was held in the northern city instead of two as originally arranged. The visitors arrived in Wellington on Saturday morning, 28th March, and on Saturday night the first debate was held in the Concert Chamber and was a great success in every respect. The chief item on the entertainment programme was a motor trip on Sunday out to Upper Hutt, over the Akatarawa to Waikanae and home via the Moonshine. The team left for the South Island on Monday night and participated in two debates at Christchurch, and two at Dunedin, returning in time to take part in the second debate at Wellington on 8th April. This debate was held in the Town Hall, and was again a great success. The visitors left the day following for Taupo and Rotorua, and a week later for Sydney.

The team consisted of three members, Messrs. J. D. Woodruff and M. C. Hollis (both ex-presidents of the Oxford Union), and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, a son of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, ex-Prime Minister of England. This was the fourth time debaters from Oxford University had paid visits abroad. In 1922 and in 1923 a team visited the United States and Canada, and in August, 1924 a team visited South Africa.

Before leaving New Zealand, Mr. Woodruff intimated that the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies were considering the possibility of making such a tour to Australia and New Zealand an annual or a biennial event. So far as the New Zealand Colleges are concerned, such visits would in all probability be welcomed. Judging by the results of the last tour, the question of finance should present no difficulty. When asked about the possibility of arranging a tour of New Zealand debaters to England, Mr. Woodruff said that such a visit would probably be welcomed, but pointed out that there is no possibility in England of charging for admission to the debate and, therefore, finance might prove a big hurdle.

Incidentally, a proposal was received some time ago from the National Union of Students in England that another team of four debaters representing the Universities of England, of Scot-

land and of Wales, should visit New Zealand and Australia, arriving in New Zealand about the middle of August. The general feeling, however, was that the visit was too soon after the Oxford tour.

The V.U.C. Students' Association is very much indebted to all those who billeted the members of the debating team and who helped to entertain them while they were in Wellington, and to these the Association extends its grateful thanks.

### THE DEBATES.

There is a dictum of Mr. C. F. G. Masterman's that the most difficult gathering in the world to address is a meeting of the Oxford Union Debating Society, and the British House of Commons is the easiest. One is much more likely to agree with Mr. Masterman if one has first listened to a Woodruff or a Hollis or a MacDonald in debate, and attempted to imagine oneself on the platform before an audience of such men, with their interjections to while away the time until they were permitted to arise one after another and play battledore and shuttlecock with one's carefully rehearsed periods, making the weightiest arguments rebound, like boomerangs, with the greatest force. Certain it is that long experience of speaking in such company gives birth to an indefinable air of ease and "at homeness," by which our three Oxford visitors were chiefly distinguished from the Victoria College orators with whom they tried conclusions. It would be more or less easy at this stage to launch out into a comparative study of Oxford and Victoria methods of debating, and, climbing into the realms of metaphor, to write knowingly of lofty Spanish galleons flaunting green and gold banners besieged and overcome by the swift and more easily manoeuvred vessels of the English, but our subject is the debates themselves, so to the task.

The first contest of the two was staged in the Concert Chamber of the Town Hall on March 28th. The teams were divided, two Oxford men and one Victoria College man moving: "That this House does not believe that the advent to power of the British Labour Party will materially improve National or International conditions," while one Victoria College speaker, assisted by the remaining Oxford man and another Victoria College speaker, opposed the adoption of any such belief. Mr. G. G. G. Watson occupied the chair.

Expectations ran high and visions of a second Gladstone come to debate filled the popular mind when Mr. M. C. Hollis rose to open the case for the affirmative. The visions then faded. Mr. Hollis, a tall, thin young man, adopted as a platform attitude the "one step forward, one step backward, one forward," and so on; he had one other gesture, a quick, emphatic sweep of the hand, and his manner was at times hesitant; but a moderately good speaking voice, manipulated without any sense of strain, and a slow, deliberate pronunciation of his words made for an effective manner. His chief argument was that Labour had nothing new to contribute to the solution of either National or International problems. In 1914, indeed, the Party was divided over the issue of war. The loan to our Russian "enemies" was severely criticised by Mr. Hollis, and he closed by reiterating the theme of his address: "What is this especial contribution?"



Mr. Davidson took the platform with Bertrand Russell gripped between his teeth. Supporting his case with appropriate quotations, he then traversed the history of the human race, Bernard-Shaw-like, and showed how the capitalistic system had, by robbing the worker of the ownership of his tools, degraded him to the level of a cog in the industrial machine until he had lost all power of self-determination. Socialisation of everything worth while was the remedy, and this the Labour Party proposed to apply. Brief periods of relief from the strain of watching Mr. Davidson's solemn and serious face was obtained by stealing glances at a certain well-known cleric, who occupied a seat not far behind us, and whose countenance exhibited every sign of pleasurable satisfaction.

Mr. Campbell then arose from amid a pile of British Hansards and came forward as *advocatus diaboli* to castigate Ramsay MacDonald and associates. Mr. Campbell's appearance on this side of the platform was, in one respect, the sensation of the evening; but it would perhaps be only fair to him to state (we have it on excellent authority) that his attitude to the selectors was not unlike that of the well-known Mr. Micawber: "Gentlemen, do with me as you will! I am a straw upon the surface of the deep, and am tossed in all directions by the elephants—I beg your pardon; I should have said elements." The British Labour Party's acknowledged allegiance to "continuity of policy" was made the main subject of attack; but the climax came when the speaker declared that "the more representative Parliaments had become, the duller and more useless had they grown." The face of the well-known cleric was disfigured by an ugly frown. Our personal sympathies were with the cleric, and we should like to have had a fat, old country squire from the "Rotten Borough" days to place beside the speaker as an exhibit. Having "feelingly told us what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue," Mr. Campbell retired amid applause to a further perusal of Hansard.

In words which have since become famous, Mr. Martin-Smith sought to raise the minds of his hearers above the level of the "petty details" enumerated by Mr. Campbell. The only force that could effect an improvement in the world's affairs was human reason tempered by human charity. The Labour Party was animated by an idealism which it would distil into practice were it given time and a fair opportunity. The well-known cleric beamed. Mr. Martin-Smith waxed enthusiastic, and as his voice grew in vigour, so his colour rose, and collar and tie mounted upward in sympathy.

Mr. J. D. Woodruff, the senior member of the Oxford team, followed. There is something about his manner and appearance that connects him with an old Conservative University; he reminds one of quiet, spreading lawns (which have not been cut for some time) and of mellowed stone buildings. His voice is low and pleasant, his manner quiet, and he has an accent which is delightful to listen to. His argument was that all a wise statesman can do is to tinker; human nature stood in the way of any such sweeping reforms as the Labour Party proposed to make. Mr. Woodruff's humorous retorts have made history, and we shall be content to record his reply to Mr. Martin-Smith's claim that time and a fair trial would substantiate Labour's ideals, "I would give them a proper trial first and time after-

wards." Mr. Woodruff achieved instant popularity, and he may justly say, with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, "I came, saw and overcame."

Mr. M. J. MacDonald, a close relative of the gentleman whose doings were the principal topic of the evening, is an excellent platform speaker. He showed a grasp of the subject that might almost have been inherent—but this is possibly explained by the fact that, to use his own phrase, he has been obliged to put up with the Ramsay MacDonald Government for twenty-three years. To the extreme delight of our well-known cleric, he rebutted many of the arguments previously marshalled against Labour, and rather startled some of his listeners by declaring that the industrial policy of his party was one of confiscation. He immediately mitigated all alarm, however, when he explained that this was simply another way of pronouncing the word "taxation."

Mr. Hollis replied briefly and summed up generally, and the meeting gradually dispersed.

The Second Debate took place in the large Town Hall on April 8th, before an audience of over two thousand. The subject was Prohibition, and the teams were again divided. The Victoria College team had changed its personnel entirely. As the eager crowd jostled its way into the Hall and sat in one another's booked seats, a body of undergraduates in the centre of the building dispensed musical cheer. These individuals were well prepared to receive each speaker as he came forward, and rendered an appropriate anthem in discordant keys and totally different tunes, always managing at the close of each item, however, to strike a semblance of unity and coherence in the refrain. Their interjections punctuated all the speeches, and were exceedingly clever; but they were lost to the majority of the audience in the galleries, who did not wish to hear interjections, even if they might have done so.

Mr. C. A. L. Treadwell presided, and having made several introductory observations, called upon Mr. McCormick to open the debate. The undergraduates performed, and Mr. McCormick then proceeded: his was a clear, logical speech. There were two questions to be decided—first, was there a right to prohibit the liquor traffic? and secondly, if such a right existed, was it expedient to exercise it? In spite of a vigorous denial from a portion of the audience, the speaker went on to show that both these issues were to be decided in the affirmative, and that the answers put together spelt Prohibition.

Mr. Hollis was greeted with applause on rising to speak, and was deeply touched by the demonstrations of affection from the audience. He told us that what caused the harm was not drink, but bad drink. In fact, good drink was responsible for more happiness than anything else. He treated the subject intentionally in a light style. Mr. McCormick had instanced traffic regulations as a curtailment of liberty. Because a man drove on the wrong side of the road and caused damage thereby, should we abolish the sides of the road?

Mr. MacDonald then arose, and commenced in true Oxford style with a humorous reference to the previous speaker. He was soon in the midst of an emotional appeal on the ground of the social waste caused by drink, and as he warmed to the task,

an indigenous Scotch accent triumphed over the Oxford note. He told us in no uncertain language that drink had been responsible all through time for aggravating and accumulating social evils. His denunciation was overwhelmingly fierce; but we can assure our readers, on the authority of Mr. Woodruff, that these extravagances of speech are the only extravagances that Mr. MacDonald allows himself. He has, however, caught several tricks of the orators' trade and, making himself heard without much effort, was perhaps the most effective speaker of the evening.

The most conspicuous thing about Mr. Baume was the absence of his customary self-possession, and it was perhaps this that led him into a misquotation of Mr. MacDonald to which he clung throughout his speech. He lost nothing in effect by pitching his voice considerably lower than usual, and on the whole made his points well. The Temperance Movement met with Mr. Baume's approval; but Temperance had become prostitute to what is now Prohibition, and the call for reform had changed into a cry for abolition. The speaker plainly took himself seriously, and because his arguments told, was regarded seriously by the ardent Prohibitionists with whom the Hall was crowded.

Mr. Rollings next made his way across the platform to his opponents' side, and deposited a sheaf of notes and quotations before the Chairman. His manner was at the commencement decidedly parsonical, and one or two attempts at humour seemed strangely out of their environment. After each sally against the foe he delved into his notes for further inspiration, and books and newspaper clippings suffered heavy requisition from time to time. Had he quoted less and been less dependent on his notes, he might have been more effective. Fifteen minutes, however, made an improvement in his manner, and the close of his speech was much better than the opening.

Mr. Woodruff wound up the case for the Anti-Prohibitionists. It was unfortunate that he failed to make himself heard in all parts of the Hall, but this was more the building's fault than Mr. Woodruff's: the farmyard barn is still the recognised standard for Colonial architecture. The extreme seriousness with which he was listened to had its effect on him, and his humour was less pointed than on the previous occasion. He should strive to remember, too, that ever so much lightning does not make daylight. His reply to the argument that more money was being placed with Savings Banks in America since Prohibition was that the wretched people had now nothing worth spending their money on.

A brief reply by Mr. McCormick closed the debate, and the Chairman put the motion to the meeting. The volume of noise on each side was almost equal; but a show of hands gave an overwhelming majority for the Dry, who departed happily homewards, while most of the Wets adjourned to a nearby restaurant.

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### FRENCH GRAVES AT GALLIPOLI

Weed-grown the graves, green-cushioned by neglect,  
The breakers sound the lonely peal of fame  
Their dust reverberates—the sands reflect  
The only glory coupled with their name.

—S.E.B.

## GENERAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE FIRST DEBATE.

To state that "comparisons are odious" is to begin with a hackneyed phrase which will probably deter most people from reading further, but to give a true impression of the debate, comparisons must be drawn. That the Wellington representatives did not appear to advantage was clearly noted by all. Earnest, well-informed on their subject as they were, their laborious, involved, and not always grammatical speeches compared most unfavourably with those of their opponents. Each Wellington speaker over-pitched his voice, which was surely inexcusable considering the experience each had had. To those sitting in the front seats the effect was decidedly unpleasant, and also militated against the bringing home of a good point by the speaker.

Lest this criticism appear "Spikeful" and unnecessarily condemnatory, it must be said for our speakers that they were decidedly at a disadvantage in that they had not had the opportunity of dwelling among surroundings so steeped in tradition as those of Oxford. The characteristics of the manhood of England and New Zealand, or, one might say, the difference between the antiquity of England and the potential "youthfulness" of New Zealand, was very clearly demonstrated. Those who attend seats of learning in the Old Country must, without exception, become, to some extent at least, imbued with or aware of, the culture, the traditions, the mellowness of the atmosphere. If they be persons of intelligence and ambition the influence of this atmosphere becomes apparent in whatever branch of work they take up. This was evidently the case with the three representatives of the Oxford Union. On the other hand, in a young country such as this, and particularly in Wellington, which is in no sense a University town, the atmosphere is lacking, and what there is is of a vigorous democratic nature, with the idealism gradually working to the front. These qualities were all exemplified by Messrs. Campbell, Martin-Smith and Davidson, and we may well be proud of them. They should learn many lessons from the debates with the Oxford representatives, which will, no doubt, be of great benefit to them.

To turn particularly to the visitors, in whom naturally most interest was taken: each seemed fully in harmony with the other. They capped each other's allusions with surprising capability, and Mr. Hollis in particular had the gift of applying topical references to his subject without appearing in any way irrelevant. His was a peculiarly fascinating personality, which was enhanced rather than detracted from by his extraordinary restlessness while delivering his speech.

Mr. Woodruff, dead of eye and with lisping speech, and a most annihilating sarcasm, albeit amicable, was not the least interesting of the trio. His facility of speech and freedom from use of notes proclaimed a brain of unusual ability, and his speech was certainly the most entertaining of the evening—abounding in witticisms which caused the audience to roar with laughter, but on not more than two occasions caused the speaker to smile!

Mr. Malcolm MacDonald was welcomed with interest, possibly due to his relationship with Britain's late Prime Minister. By far the most "knutty" of the Oxford three, his delivery took the form of a short staccato "bark," which he emphasised by

jerky movements of the body. His accent, a combination of "Scotch and Oxford," was at times quite diverting, and for the moment puzzling! He was well versed in his subject, but was inclined to shout, and the full value of some of his points was lost in this way.

To discuss our own men is needless. We know them all—their virtues and their shortcomings—and but one point more is worthy of mention, the lack of the Socialistic element. No exception could be taken to Karl Marxian theories, for none was expressed, whether intentionally or otherwise. There was a complete absence of the "red" element, for which "the Lord be thankit!"  
X.Y.Z.

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### A SONG OF PSYCHOLOGY

If you want to get a notion of your "animus" in motion,  
Or how to analyse your mental state,  
If you'd like to win Affection with the help of Introspection,  
Psychology will do it, while you wait.  
If Experience uneventful makes you sullen and resentful,  
Unable to attain the fond Desire,  
You can learn on Application "How to revel in Sensation,"  
And a fund of information thus acquire.

With Behaviour energetic and a dash of "Kinaesthetic,"  
You can classify whomever you may meet;  
And with only Concentration and a knowledge of Vibration,  
You can Analyse policemen by the Beat.  
You can cultivate Precision in the field of Colour Vision,  
Where rouge will often cheat the Normal eye;  
And though Opposite Attraction is the commonest Reaction,  
You can soon dispel Illusions if you try!

But Objective Observation has a common Application:  
Psychologists employ it every day;  
Watch your fellows at the table eating all that they are able,  
And see the Self-assertion they display!  
For a means of locomotion you apply the "Auto"-notion:  
With the aid of Self-suggestion you'll be there.  
If you're fond of Recreation there is Free Association,  
Though the other side would hardly call it fair!

There are certain set restrictions on unjustified predictions  
Of the wild and woolly years that lie before.  
But the theme of Evolution in our Native Constitution  
With Attention you can follow more and more.  
You can settle each discussion, whether Rugby, Law, or Russian,  
Or Psychologise Emotions, dreams, and crams;  
And the only complication that defies an explanation,  
Is why we ever fail to pass exams!

—D.J.D.



V.U.C. GRADUATES, 1925

Photo : Crown Studios



## In Defence of Slacking

*"What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare?"*

—William H. Davies.

Have you ever, gentle reader, had the privilege of examining at leisure a table of longevity? That was my good fortune, some time ago, and I must say that I experienced a most agreeable surprise. I found that he whose days are spent in absolute idleness attains, of all mortals, the greatest age. You can picture my pleasure at the thought that I should live to be an old, old man, my joy as I recollected that no day of my fresh young life had gone by with a solid eight hours' work to mar its untarnished glory.

There, too, I found that the farmer, yeleft backbone of his country, tiller of green fields and brown, and stern visitor of vengeance (according to tradition) upon trespassing dogs and rosy-cheeked, innocent-eyed little boys wandering in his apple orchards, the farmer, the next on the scale, reaches the great age of sixty-eight years. This remarkable fact, like all others, must have an explanation, and I feel it my responsibility to make matters clear, to reveal the great secret. The farmer, wily old dog, long ere you or I brushed back the cobwebs of lethargy from our intellects, and permitted a few wandering beams of commonsense to penetrate the gloomy recesses of our perceptive powers, possessed himself of this precious table, and was discreet enough to conduct himself accordingly. The fact that he reaches such an age is easily explained: he works, or appears to work, only when you and I are watching him. His plea that he is bowed down to the earth with excess of toil is what historians have termed "mere verbiage," what our distinguished modern student would brand once and for all by the meaningful cry of "Rats!" and what we, who are familiar with the facts, would recognise as an exceedingly crafty and deceptive device calculated to divert us from the path of knowledge, and to make the farmer's own position secure.

Thus far, our theory holds good, but we must, to prove it conclusively, be able to produce some more definite argument, we must quote some positive, undeniable example. I am proud to state that I am in a position to enlighten you. Methusaleh is my example.

Did you never pause to wonder why Methusaleh attained such a marvellous age? And if so, were you able to satisfy yourself as to the real reason for his length of years? For there is a precise reason: he also was acquainted with the desirable facts of this table. You are to imagine, if you please, that when Methusaleh reached his fortieth birthday—man in those days did not grow old young, but was considered still young while quite old—his mother took him upon her knee, put his curls aside with a loving touch, and placed this very table in his hands, admonishing him the while to be virtuous, and to live in strict observance of its laws.

And with what decisive results! We can picture Methusaleh, for over nine hundred years after that memorable day, bringing forth his table annually upon the anniversary of his birth, and

gazing fondly upon it. We can imagine his baffled companions, laboriously earning their bread by the sweat of the brow, toiling through brief lives of three or four hundred years, and dropping into their weary graves one by one, gnashing their teeth and turning their last bitter looks upon him, while century after century he lived happily on in idleness, luxurious and fat. We think of him, say, on his nine hundredth birthday, displaying the table to the young fellows of the community, and impressively saying "This made me what I am!"

The only melancholy feature is recalled when we remember that had this presentation occurred when Methusaleh was one or two years of age, instead of forty, he would have lived to enjoy the ripe old age of a thousand summers. The point to be stressed is, that if one wishes to live long, one cannot commence too young to observe the rules of this table, and to avoid such folly as "to scorn delights and live laborious days"

Let us be true followers of Methusaleh!

D.J.D.

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### FOR THE DESPONDENT

Are you old and white haired, longing to be young and full of beans?

Are you thinking seriously of becoming a misogynist because some damsel has turned down your heart of gold for some base creature utterly unworthy of her affections?

(As a matter of fact, after such a deed, you are wondering whether she can be as wonderful as you once thought her).

Have you failed once more in that wretched exam?

Has your landlady been feasting you on raw chops for breakfast?

Is the small girl in the flat above still practising "The Merry Peasant," while below a soulful youth is tearing his heart and violin strings and nearly splitting your eardrums with Sibelius' "Valse Triste?"

Have you given up morning and afternoon tea, supper and chocolates, to achieve that fashionable silhouette and yet have put on nearly a stone?

Are you trying to grow a shingle?

In short, is the whole universe frowning on you and your attempts to create a brighter Wellington?

If so, there is one, and only one, remedy for you: walk to your bank if one owns you, otherwise beg, borrow, or steal six shillings and invest in a copy of "The Crock of Gold." \* Do not feel alarmed; never will your money have been better spent. The dict, return will be even more valuable than that of three Gigantic Art Union tickets, each winning first prize. There have been other books; there will be, I confidently though sorrowfully predict, other books; but this is a book that will live, that will never be rejected with those Seven Thousand Years belonging to yesterday; a book that will ease the agony resulting from all the complaints enumerated above, even if you, oh beloved, are suffering from each and every one of them. Misogynistic youth, learn how to end your hopeful career as did the Gyrating Philosopher; you will find that, in the committing of suicide, there is a pain-

\* By James Stephens.



less, cleanly and simple method, so simple that by the time you have practised it to the verge of perfection, another, and this time a worthy damsel will be turning your thoughts from your altar of sacrifice to that of Hymen.

Lover of silhouettes, read about the "Thin Woman of Iris Magrath" and immediately absorb comfort and chocolate wholesale, for no sane man having studied this book will look with admiration at anyone approaching that female, whose ferocity was one with her emaciation and who attempted to curse her husband with toothache, lockjaw, rheumatism and stirabout with lumps in it, all at one fell swoop.

Student, consider! Has no new truth come to you in the course of one week? Let me believe that it is not a week, but weeks, possibly months and years, since such an event has occurred. Know then that you have attained to all the wisdom which you are fitted to bear. The Philosopher was so convinced of this in his own case that he ended his life at the end of the week. Now feel justified in following his example. A persistent course of Tramping, Cabarets, Cocktails and C.U. Retreats will doubtless be as effective for you as Gyration was for your Philosophical Predecessor.

Abstainer from Raw Meat, beseech your landlady to give you raw chops! Loving you as the Grey Woman and The Thin Woman loved their Philosophers, she will give you them gloriously over-cooked.

Small Girl, hating "The Merry Peasant" even more than He-Who-Dwells-Below, go to the fields and follow the Old He-Goat to Pan and in one instant you will learn more about music than you could by practising Schumann for ten centuries. Take with you the Soulful Youth and if possible let him perform when the Policemen are around. They will immediately seize him, but do not let this occur when it is dark, for they are not very clever and he might escape, run home, and possibly break into the Dead March, on hearing which the house and all its inhabitants would totter and fall, and finally expire in throes of direst agony.

And you, O Ancient Greybeard and Woman with Snow-White Hair, cast away all anger from you, then call upon Angus Og and he will teach you happiness and, furthermore, "the ecstasy which is Love and God and the beginning and end of all things," and you shall dance "as the sea leaps upon the shingle, panting for joy, dancing, dancing for joy."

M.L.



## In The Hall of Sigurd

(Excerpt from Act V. Scene I. of "The Black Ship, a Saga.")

### ACT V.—SCENE 1.

[Trumpets, and a slow march. Enter OLAF TRYGVASON, with ceremony: after him EINAR TAMBARSKELVER, THOROLF, FORKBEARD and others, through archway R. Back: enter L. HAAKON and SIGURD'S retainers.]

SIGURD: Welcome, King Olaf, for the cordial heart  
With which thou honourest my feast, and welcome  
For those warm feelings which thou showest me.  
King Thorolf, welcome! I shall welcome thee  
More than another man: thou hast deserved  
Best welcome from my heart.

THOROLF: Why, what a sheaf of welcomes have we here!  
[Aside.]

OLAF: I do adjure thee solemnly by heaven,  
Soil not thy soul with lies.

SIGURD: I'll sift my words.  
To table!

[They sit.]

THOROLF: Is thy lady still abed?

SIGURD: She is as grim as thou art gaudy, Thorolf:  
She sits within her chamber stitching black  
Into the funeral sheets.

[The curtain over the archway L.C. is swept aside: GERDA appears at the top of the steps, in such a manner as to appear between and a little above two torch-bearers, and framed by the arch as in a picture. She is dressed in vivid scarlet, with ornaments of gold: her hair loose, now flecked with grey: the black-winged helmet of HARALD of the Orkneys upon her head, and the dagger with which she slew him at her side. Excitement has brought back some of the youthfulness to her cheeks. She resembles the GERDA of the Prologue, but sterner, more dominant.—Astonishment and confusion.]

OLAF: Is this thy meekness, Gerda?

GERDA: Liege, it is.  
Old Odin give thee cheer: The gods exact  
Payment for infidelity.

OLAF: Then ne'er  
Wast baptised—

GERDA: And I now am wholly Norse—  
Wholly the people thou and I destroyed—  
A folk of steel and iron, that we swaddled  
In puling Southern customs.

OLAF: Thou'rt unmatched  
In insolence.

GERDA [comes to the table in high fettle]: Hail to the  
Norse! may all  
The gaudy fooleries of chivalry  
Be powerless to unsoul them!

EINAR: Gerda, hail!  
No white young girl can match thy pagan brow.

FORKBEARD: I knew a rock upon the coast of Hoy



Sigurd—thy hand—there's fire before mine eyes  
And in mine ears the roar of mountain floods.

[The figure of HELGA crosses slowly from an angle L. back, appearing to come from the wall, and walks out of door R. back. GERDA sees her. She pauses suddenly and for a few seconds catches her breath. Then in a torrent]

I killed him—Harald Jarl—Peace, Helga, peace;  
There's blood before mine eyes—I killed the Jarl!  
With mine own hand!—Seize her—she'll make me blind!  
Ha! call me murderess and bid her go—

[Exit wraith of HELGA.]

OLAF: Seize her!

GERDA: The Black Ship—bear the body out—  
It floats to sea amid the hail—Ho, Thorolf!  
He died like a rat—

OLAF: Justice upon them both!  
Bind them! King Olafs justice!

[Guards spring to seize SIGURD and GERDA. SIGURD leaps the table and stands by GERDA, his sword drawn.]

SIGURD: Let my sword  
Speak, and not I.

GERDA [calmer]: I did not kill the Jarl:  
It was a fit of madness—I am tired:  
No word I said was true. Fight, Sigurd, fight!

OLAF [draws]: They are without the law, both man and  
wife!  
Let them be hunted like the desert deer.

SIGURD: Ha, Thorolf! here's my thanks. Rockskull! be  
near! Ahoy! ahoy!

GERDA: This dagger be my hope!

THOROLF: Jarl Harald's blood is on it.

[SIGURD wounds THOROLF, who falls. SIGURD and GERDA dash out of the archway R. back.]

SIGURD: To the wilds!

OLAF: After them, knights! wind horns unto the hunt!  
[Trumpets, blows, tumult. As OLAF and his men rush out the curtain falls swiftly. R. front, vessels upset, retainers and servants heeled into a corner.]

E. L. PALMER.

### AN AUTUMN MORNING.

How sweet to wake at early morn  
And see the rustling curtains sway  
To little, cooling, soothing winds  
That soft make play.  
To feel the rose scent on them borne,  
To see the sky a mist of blue  
And earth all fresh and green;  
There comes to you  
The faint chirp of a distant bird,  
And locusts' songs of morning birth  
From all around, "Oh, what," you ask,  
"Is Heaven if this is Earth?"

—C.H.A.

## Our Book Column

By LIBER.\*

*"And if I found in the story afterward, any of them by word or deed breaking that oath, I judged it the same fault of the poet as that which is attributed to Homer, to have written indecent things of the Gods."—Milton.*

Many new books have reached us this session from the publishers, and quite a number are distinctly to be recommended. Limitations of space, however, forbid mention of more than a few.

"My Garden of Dreams" (Whitcombe and Tombs), is not, as one might imagine on first sighting the title page, a volume of poems on Free Love, by W. E. Leicester or C. Q. Pope; but it is a treatise on methods of gardening by P. Martin-Smith. The author was, until recently, an extremely well-known public figure, but a short while ago he retired voluntarily from public life, and is devoting his days to the cultivation of young flowers. (It is not stated what his nights are devoted to). More of our politicians might with advantage, we think, follow the author's example when a useful career is drawing to a close, and spend the remainder of their life in a garden or nursery.

A remarkable series of reminiscent essays is to be found in "An Unfinished Diary." Messrs. Mills and Boon, the publishers, are to be congratulated on the publication of this book, which bids fair to become as popular as those of that other brilliant writer for whom they published "The Gentleman with a Duster." Like "The Gentleman," too, the author of "An Unfinished Diary," possesses a strain of genuine modesty; for below the title appear simply the initials "R.M.C.," followed by a well-known sentence of Montaigne's: "I have gathered a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own." Notable chiefly for the graceful and picturesque style in which they are written, the essays disclose some of the many-sided activities of a strenuous life. Next to the metaphorical innuendo, R.M.C.'s favourite method of expression is Scriptural allusion, and the book closes with a stirring reference to the incident where Joshua and his army marched seven times around Jericho blowing their trumpets, upon which the walls of that venerable city immediately collapsed. On more than one occasion in his personal experiences, the author tells us, has he encircled some stronghold of ancient belief not seven times, but once only, blowing his own trumpet, and the weakly-resisting walls have tumbled down. The book is tastefully bound, and reflects credit in every respect on both writer and publisher.

J. C. Beaglehole is a well-known explorer, whose spare moments are devoted to the pursuit of literary criticism, and his latest volume, "Mightier than the Sword," tells chiefly of his adventures in the realm of letters. Several references are made, however, to his more realistic adventures on hill and mountain-side, and one incident is worth relating here. The great explorer was once traversing a precipitous ridge with an almost sheer descent

\* Not to be confused with Liber, of the Reptile Press.

on either side when, in battling against the wind, he missed his footing and fell for over a hundred feet in a manner dramatically described in his new book. Little harm was done except for several rather painful abrasions to the seat of his trousers and that region of his anatomy immediately concealed thereby, and he was able to continue his journey unassisted. Many years later the author, who is a pious man, erected a cairn at the spot where the accident took place, bearing this simple inscription: "There's a Divinity doth shape our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Others must be mentioned more briefly. "From Office Boy to K.C." is in the form of a novel by a writer using the nom-de-plume of "Birkenhead Secundus." It reads like an autobiography, and the name of a former Victoria College student has been mentioned in connection with the authorship. But that is, we suppose, his own affair.

In biographical strain also is "Over the Footlights," by I. L. Hjorring, a famous singer of the last century who scored a brilliant success in his early twenties. He takes strong exception in the preface to a principle laid down by Galli-Curci that the habit of riding in motor cars instead of walking is fatal to the singing voice.

"Machiavelli—An Appreciation," is a series of lectures given under the auspices of the Workers' Educational Association of Taranaki by a former student of this College. They cast an entirely new light on Machiavelli and the ultimate good that mankind must reap from the labours of his life.

"A New Clue to the Economic Labyrinth," by F. A. Ruck, author of the famous "Spiritual Significance of Money," is a careful exposition of the evangel of Commerce. We would wish, however, that our author, who, as the founder of that wonderful organisation, the Order of the Cult of the Golden Calf, must have decided views on many subjects, were a little less diffident, a trifle more positive, in his assertions. It is difficult at times to arrive at exactly what his opinions are.

"My Favourite Saints," by R. F. Fortune, is very edifying in the wealth of its simple piety. But simple as Mr. Fortune may be, his words ring like a deep-toned bell calling men to worship. His is a book that should set Apollyon to wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Mr. J. Brook, the noted humorist, entertains us again in "High Life Below Stairs" and "Sorties." What winning ways this writer must possess to evoke the garrulities he recounts of youth and maidens! Youth in revelation, youth in unrestraint—ah, would we were young again, that we might pass before so sympathetic an observer!

"Essays in Agitation" appears to be the result of collaboration, for the initials J.B.Y., G.A.N., and H.J.V.J. are appended to the different sections of the book. It is with alarm that we anticipate its effect upon the "red" element in our 'Varsity; the authors, we must admit, are positively brilliant in their iconoclastic treatment of the present imperfect system of distribution, which has made such a niggard allotment of initials to them.

## The Flora of Mount Cook

A Handbook by Arnold Wall. (Gordon and Gotch)

Professor Wall is Professor of English at Canterbury College; he is also a botanist of note and a mountaineer. He is therefore well qualified to write on such a subject as the one he has taken, and he has acquitted himself well.

The booklet opens with an indication of the field— "... the whole of the Sealey Range and Sebastopol, Sawyer's Creek, the margins of the three great glaciers and the ranges above them; the Copeland Range, the Mount Cook Range, and the Malte Brun Range." There follow sections on the relation of the flora to the New Zealand Alpine Flora, Relation to Present World Flora, Relation to Ancient World Flora; then on History, Attractions, Adaptations; and then a fine chapter on the Plant Communities. The remainder of the booklet, rather more than half, deals with an examination of the Flora as it may be carried out in ten excursions round about The Hermitage, and concludes with a list of the plants arranged under their natural orders.

Professor Wall has had regard to the reader that finds botanical names troublesome, and he has wisely used popular names very freely. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to have gone a little too far in this direction and ambiguity results. Thus, p. 21, he speaks of Mountain Pine as a member of shrub assemblages in the neighbourhood of the Hermitage. It is not clear what is meant by Mountain Pine. If *Dacrydium intermedium* is meant it is strange that the plant is omitted from the list at the end of the booklet. The same remark applies to *Dacrydium Bidwillii*, although a photograph, on page 14, is given of this plant on open scrubland near the Hermitage. Nor is *Dacrydium laxifolium*, the snow rimu, mentioned in the list. Still, with regard to popular names, it would be better to call *Podocarpus nivalis* the snow totara than to call it the mountain totara. On page 22 mention is made of the piripiri, or "biddy-biddy." Piripiri is the frequentative of piri, to cling, and is euphonious and expressive. Biddy-biddy means nothing and is ugly. It seems a pity that Professor Wall should dignify such a name by recognising it, and so helping to perpetuate it.

To a very interesting account popular interest might well have been added by a reference here and there to structures such as those by which Piripiri and *Uncinia*, the hooked sedge, cling to the passing traveller.

On page 27 there is a capital comparison between the breaking-in of quite new country by pioneers of the human kind and the occupying of new shingle slips by the plants that are fitted for this work, the pioneers in each case becoming replaced by later arrivals that could not have done the original work. But Professor Wall speaks of these new arrivals, who could not by themselves conquer Nature in her obdurate mood, but could only oust those that had conquered her, as being of a higher type. This seems rough on the pioneers, whether plant or human. Better the lot of those earliest plant pioneers that first undertook the subjugation of the land, stepping ashore from their watery home to face the unknown in all its terror. Of them we know nothing, and we cannot inflict upon them slighting



comparison with their own conquerors. They lack the sacred bard and are happy in the lack.

Unwept, the slighted pioneers to Orcus grim pass down:  
The Mural Bard, with ringing note, gives "higher" forms renown.

Surely it cannot be Science that has thus distorted Professor Wall's sense of moral value; it must be the Humanities.

The booklet is a most useful and a most interesting one, and it is sure to be in great demand by students and by many a visitor that would not call himself a student, but that has the outstanding characteristic of one, in that he wants to know. There are many beautiful illustrations by photographs taken by Professor Algie and other of Professor Wall's aiders and abettors, and by excellent line drawings, not always excellently reproduced, by Miss Edith Wall.

## An Early Morning Horror

Brrrrrrrr! Brrrrrrrrrr!

"There's that dashed alarm—still time for a few minutes' snooze." Silence for another twenty minutes—broken only by deep and heartfelt snores. The sleeper stirs—peers hazily through one eye at the clock—"What! Half-past seven. Gee whizz, I must go for it. There's no earthly chance of the old Prof. being late." A hasty scrape, resulting in more damage to the flesh than to the whiskers, a few bites of breakfast, and he is off down the street, a book in one hand, the other frantically tearing at his collar and tie in a vain attempt to produce some semblance of order, in his other hand—ah! would he had a third, for he could then consume somewhat more decently the bun which he clutches in his mouth. As he toils up the steep slopes leading to his goal he murmurs, midst crumbs of bun, scattered fragments from the Gospel according to St. James. "Why, the deuce—much, munch, munch—these lectures—chew, chew, chew—can't start—This is the last will of me John Snooks—at ten minutes past—gulp, gulp, gulp—like any decent lecture—In witness whereof I have hereunto set my—I don't know."

In the lecture room there is silence for a short time, broken by the scratching pens of those who remember, and the sighs those who don't. Papers handed in, heads are once more bowed over books as the Professor's voice drones on. Heads are bowed further and further over books as the lecture proceeds.

"Mr. ————" The words cut like a knife through the slumbrous atmosphere—the sleeping figures are galvanised into life. "If A dies, leaving nobody, how much will B get?" The unfortunate gentleman in question, having been thus rudely awakened from his second beauty sleep (alas! how he needs it) is now tottering on his feet and blinking sheepishly around him. Mr. H———'s next-door neighbour, aroused from sweet dreams by some awful premonition of impending disaster, vainly attempts to learn what the question was. Mr. H———, after some minutes to collect his thoughts (such as they are) murmurs, in an uncertain voice, "Didn't hear the question, sir."



Being of an understanding mind, the professor discreetly passes to Mr. B———. Now Mr. B.——— is a long-winded gentleman who must say something, even if he has nothing to say. "In this case, sir, I consider that, all other things being equal, the Statute of Frauds would take effect as an executive remaining in fee tail." Complete collapse of Mr. B———. "Miss C———?" The sterner sex heave a sigh of relief—does woman ever fail to speak when the opportunity offers?

Heads are again bowed over books, and the voice murmurs on, accompanied by the snores of the hard-working students. A peculiar but well-known sound breaks upon the air. All work stops, and students listen attentively to the roar and clatter of a lorry provided by our beneficent council for the purpose. (Would there were many such!) Prof. pauses, turns a pained look towards the window, then gives a wan smile of resignation as he reforms mentally the words of his famous "open throttle" speech. A motor cycle (the property of a former student, mayhap) succeeds the lorry. The now fully-awakened class wears an air of delighted expectancy. Then—

Ting, ting, ting . . . goes the clock on the stairs, sweeter than any carillon. With a sigh of relief the class heaves itself up, stumbles out—and so to office. The day's work is about to begin. —G.R.P.

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## RED ROCKS

The strength of the forest was Rangî's,  
The vigour and grace of the kauri,  
As lissom his limbs as the rimu,  
And russet as frost-fingered birches.  
There, naked he stood to the stinging  
Sea-breeze and the kiss of the lilting  
White spray as it leapt in the sunbeams.  
No fear in his body, but joy in  
His heart was fast throbbing; no terror  
Of death on a day when the earth and  
The ocean were laughing and swiftly  
The winds were all whispering of speeding  
Him heavenwards when the strife ended.

Up rose the Taniwha, serpent-like monster,  
Slayer of thousands and god of disaster;  
Sunlight and happiness shuddered in horror.  
Swiftly the struggle for Rangî was ending,  
But ere his spirit was snatched by the breezes,  
Smote he the Taniwha through his heart deeply.  
Red were the rocks with the blood of the vanquished,  
Red were they too with the life of the victor;  
Round them the waves moaned and scbbed in their  
anguish.

Still to this day are they tinted with crimson,  
And green, curling billows, in solemn, deep grandeur  
Mourn ever around them.

—M.L.

## Putting the Professors to Work.

Of the many impressions a student receives at V.U.C. in his first year, three are commonly strongest—first, the unanimity of existing opinion that College life at V.U.C. is not all that it might be; second, the slight interest shown in the welfare of the College by those who should be most interested—the Professors; third, the utter indifference of the public to the University in their midst.

Of course the first opinion is correct. University life at Victoria is for most students merely a course of lectures. The academic year is short, there are exams. to pass, "results" are demanded, students and Professors strive for "results," and "results" they get. When there is a sufficient number of full-time students things will be different—and so on. All "old stuff," this, but in great measure true, and it has to be reiterated.

What of the Professors? Fine, learned, efficient men they are—and their influence, like that of the drapery-store boss over the young ladies in the glove department, lasts just as long as they are in sight. They dictate their notes, and make their little witticisms (same witticism in the same lecture every year) and away they go. A few are Presidents of College Clubs. One, perhaps two, actually work for the Clubs. The others had better be called "patrons": the term would indicate more actually their importance.

And the outside public? What do they think of the College? To most of them it signifies little: the word calls up visions of posturing youths in the streets, leg-shows in Post Office Square, or, at best, green jerseys on Athletic Park. Many people are vaguely hostile; they suspect there are "Bolsheviks" at College. The word is meaningless, but their use of it indicates their feeling of suspicion, distrust, and contempt.

It is a lamentable fact too, that although there are 700 students at College, and they may be assumed to have, collectively, 1,200 parents, few of the parents have ever been within the College walls, or attended a College actively (except a football match or "extrav."), or met one of the Professors; in short, they have no adequate conception of what the University hopes to be, or even of what it is now. Yet the very unanimity of the opinion that there is something wrong is a hopeful sign. It betokens a large number of students longing for a fuller life at 'Varsity and willing to work to get it. They need a leader. And here is the root of the trouble.

The College has no head, no chief: there is no link between the College and the public. There should be both, and he should be the same man. Call him what you like—president, if you incline to Americanisms, or principal, or warden. But he must be a man of culture, which is to say that he should be neither a back-slapper nor a man coldly learned. He would co-ordinate all the activities of the College, represent it in public, interpret its wishes, and gain for it the practical support of those who now pay for its upkeep, would do more for it if they were encouraged, but are now insolently ignored. Not the least important of his duties would be the control of the Professors, and the replacement of those of them who are clock-watchers by men of character as well as learning.

The obvious criticism of this suggestion is that it might make the College a glorified boarding-school. It should not, for the Principal would have no control over opinion. Even if it did, would it not be better than the institution now often described as "a glorified night school?" D.

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## Ancient and Modern

Needlework has ever formed a great part of the daily occupations of the fairer sex. Into their tapestry the ancients wove eternal memorials of the valour of their warrior on the field. In those days of picturesque romance and chivalry how tenderly did an Elaine embroider a cover for her Lancelot's shield! What sighs and longings accompanied the setting of each pearl on the scarlet favour worn at the diamond jousts!

Though chivalry is gone, and all true knighthood, yet still a maiden's favour finds expression in her sewing. Lo, in these modern days of stern reality, yet see her, as, taking a large, strong needle and a double piece of thread, she sews the buttons more securely on his football pants.

EXCELLENT AUTHORITY.

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## NEW YEAR'S EVE, 1925

There was no wind or noise at all  
That night: the ordered stars were still  
And brooded on the moonless earth  
Unchanging as Eternal Will.

No sound—save sometimes from the bank  
Of the long river came a sigh  
Of restless water as it turned,  
Remembering it too must die.

And when upon the unstirred air  
Words flickered, fell; and in the fire  
Rose, sank, and sprang again the flame—  
Thin wavering emblem of desire:

As we, grave creatures of the dark,  
Stretched round that hesitating gleam,  
Murmured half-thoughts as fugitive  
And ageless as the rapid stream.

So came the irrevocable hour:  
So, to earth's forward lunge, the night  
Wheeled into morning, solemn, strange—  
On high the soundless stars were bright.

J.C.B.

## “A Dip into the Future.”

Then we fell in with a band of strange men and one was addressing them; at his right hand was a golden abacus, with which he expounded the mystic cyphers.

Quoth he: “Look ye! Here are the quantities of five and of six. I ask ye, what shall I do to make the quantity of ten?”

Whereupon, my friend Simon called out, saying “Extract thy digit!”

And lo, they all set upon poor Simon, some with bare hands, some with swords. In a trice he was down and his head cleft from neck to crown.

And even as hungry wolves, they thrust their hands within his poor broken head and, holding the pale flesh, peered thereon.

And as for me, I was transfixed with horror. “Eheu!” I cried, me miserum to lose so a friend!

Then I thought to tear these murderers limb from limb. And while thinking, I hied me off and soon drew near the castle, half a league away.

There I sat me down and pondered deeply. Wherefore these strange happenings?

And out of the chest I drew the chain and the other chain and laid them on the table.

And I called on Ra, and Dido, and the Seven Doges, saying, “Is it for naught, we fear thy mighty rumblings and thy flashes of fire? Wherefore did Simon suffer so untimely a death? O, omnipotent ones, I pray thee, join again these Chains of reason!”

And lo, there was a peal of thunder and a flash of fire and the Chains were joined.

Full of joy, I girded them on. “O Reason,” I cried, “Reveal! Reveal!” And there came before me the faces of the band, saying,\* “We are not of thee, nor of thy friend Simon, nor are we men at all. We are only what is sure to be, and must wait at the door of Science for year on year. But we will come.”—From “Thoughts After Wine.” C.J.W.

NOTE.—We cannot make head or tail of this contribution. Is it a new kind of cross-word puzzle, or the Science wing at it again?—Ed. “Spike.”

\*Apologies to Lamb.

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## Seasons

A hammock out in the cooling breeze,  
The Book of some Dreamer on my knees,  
A far off glimpse of the sun-kist seas,  
And a pipe to clench in my teeth.

A muddy welter in wind and rain,  
A rush from the posts where the packed scrums strain,  
A rally that battles ahead again,  
And a whistle that shrieks for a goal.

What do they matter, the months between!  
For the sake of the game is the living clean;  
The tape in sight makes the running keen,  
I live for the days to come.

—S.E.B.

## Ere the Clouds Return After the Rain

This much is sure; the days that were are not,  
 Nor shall they come again; and the far hills  
 Will melt and fail before my wrinkling eyes  
 And pass into that sea from whence I came,  
 Where I shall go, my pilgrimages done,  
 Where old Atlantis sleeps below her tarns,  
 And quiet reigns along her darkling shore.  
 And yet because my watch is short and comes  
 But once between the shadowed wells of sleep,  
 I would drink Beauty to her deepest lees,  
 And go to my long rest contented then  
 To know that Life was kind, ay merciful,  
 To drain his bounty in a sweeping flood,  
 Nor trickle it in slow abatement forth  
 Till staling age was very death in life,  
 And death was life but of its staleness robbed.  
 Wherefore I shall go out to the deep hills  
 And mourn for all the beauty was of old  
 And all the grandeur of forgotten dawns  
 Till Time shall weep for his own transience,  
 And lost in thought forget his round of days.  
—R.F.F.

### WASTE PAPER BASKET

"This is your opportunity, O Fresher—the stepping-stone, perhaps, to dizzy heights of fame!" Thus our notice board. What follows constitutes an abuse of opportunity, which we requite by giving it in the form of prose:—

"To me a lively longing came to reach the dizzy heights of fame. So I did sit me down to write a poem—amusing, sprightly, bright, the sort of thing one always writes when one would reach the Dizzy Heights. In vain exams. attention claim: what are percentages to fame? Now if one merely has this knack, in soul's true language (see Prof. Mac.) to send one's thoughts in airy flight, one soon will reach the Dizzy Heights. I pondered then upon a name for this—my offering to fame. Suggestions! Why, a mighty horde came tumbling from the notice board—inspiring sign-post that invites all to aspire to Dizzy Heights. Both Keats and Shakespeare knew the game, and Wordsworth also tasted fame. Prof. with their works sublime and grand would make our sluggish souls expand. And I—I rather would be dumb than so afflict poor souls to come. In charity my soul delights; so I have scorned the Dizzy Heights."

How the study of comparative religions is carried on at the University of Michigan, as described by the "Michigan Daily," the official students' paper:—

"The students will meet for supper and the consideration of Mohammedanism and Buddhism at 6.30 o'clock. Believers in these Oriental faiths will speak of them from affectionate knowledge. Maurine Bauer is a whistling artist of great ability and will assist in the program. Laurett Taylor in 'Peg o' My Heart' will illustrate the religious service at 7.30 o'clock. Bring nothing less than a dime for the collection."

"The Spike" regards with awe anything appearing to issue from the Science wing. There may be nothing in "Chemistry," but we do not intend to take any chances:—

## Chemistry

Oh, how she hates!  
Precipitates!  
When she equates  
The very fates  
Tremble in fear.

Towards the skies  
Her hairs arise!  
She can't look wise  
Although she tries—  
All is in vain.

Her shining nose  
Bright purple grows.  
Magenta rose  
Beside her goes  
A lovely hue.

Sulphuric weak  
The ferries seek.  
With aspect bleak  
And noisy creak  
They won't add up.

Then oxides fair  
Approach her there.  
Her brain is sere  
And full of fear,  
They won't break down!

"Oh, fool am I!  
What use to try?"  
With awful sigh  
She says she'll die  
Immediately.

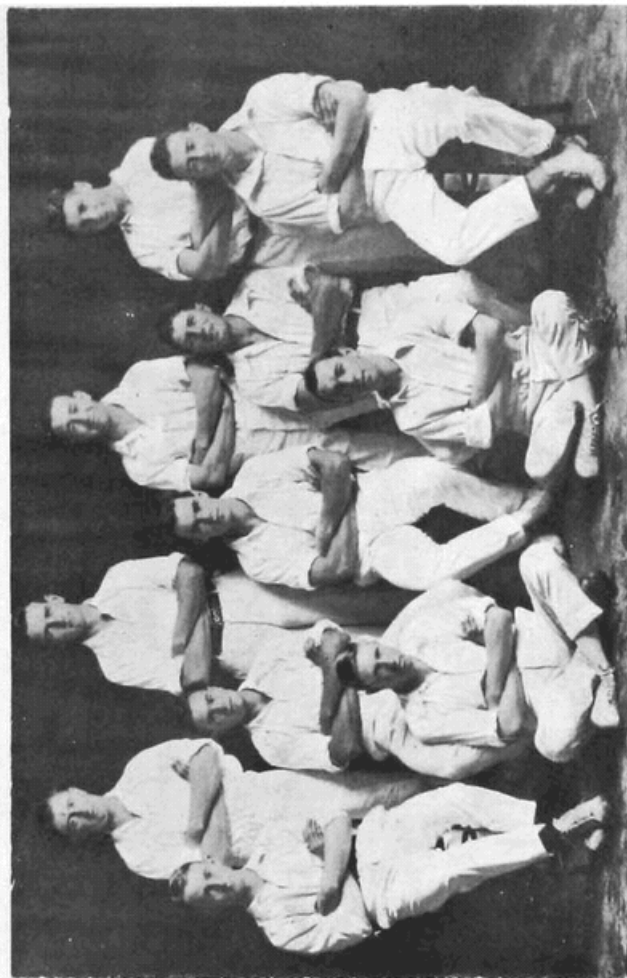
"Sweet Cyanide,  
Take me for bride!  
At thy grim side  
I'd rather bide,  
Than do more Chemistry."

We have read this forwards, backwards and crossways, and held it up to the light, but we still feel that there is a stitch dropped somewhere:—

When I consider how my life is passed,  
Yea, all my days, in this cruel world and wide,  
In trying hard my brainless state to hide  
From haughty profs., who censure all things fast  
With faces set in conscientious cast—  
(Art sure they never to fair Pleasure hied,  
These noble men who their base selves denied?  
No, work has been their creed from first to last)  
But I alas! am cast in weaker mould,  
My fluffy, frivolous head is full of froth  
That shines like soapsuds on a washing day—  
Bah! Higher Education leaves me cold—  
I loathe dark paths of learning like the moth—  
I love the light, although it does not pay.

D.O.

V.U.C. CRICKET CLUB FIRST ELEVEN, 1924-25.



Back Row.—A. M. Wilson, F. H. Mullins, J. C. Greig, C. H. Arndt.  
Sitting.—A. H. Berry, A. M. Hollings, R. H. C. Mackenzie (Captain), E. C. Wren (Club Captain),  
G. C. Kent.

In Front.—P. Wilson, C. H. Hain.

Photo: Hardie Shaw.

## Starvation for the Starving

Dear "Spike, —

May I, as one with a budding interest in dietetics, protest through your valuable pages against the general management of the College tea-room. Heaven knows I have no wish to grumble gratuitously, or this outburst might have come years ago. Heaven knows also, I am only one among many who have suffered; and the bitterest comments of mine are but sugar to the judgments I have heard from some, given in all seriousness and with carefully measured words. Most students are able to stand a good deal of bad treatment in the way of food, and, indeed, have to be able to; but the disgusting and inadequate mess which is nine times out of ten served in the tea-room, and has been served for years past, is altogether over the edge. Soup, that at all times is little more than hot water distantly flavoured with pepper, and sometimes has never even made any pretence at colour (I am credibly told that there is a leak in the roof, which has been lately utilised by our enterprising management); potatoes that vary from a solid grey consistency to a water-sodden mess, sodden carrots, an occasional sodden parsnip, meat of various species that is generally beyond description, a stale pale starchy compound, that appears on expert identification to be bread; tea you would be ashamed to set before a famished tramp. And for one of these "hot teas" you are charged a shilling—a commercial transaction for which any self-respecting hash-house keeper would sooner cut his throat than be responsible. For a less price you get a selection of tea, bread and butter and cake that is about as nourishing as a half-brick. And a good many of us (I thank my Creator I am not one) have to afflict our stomachs night after night for months at a stretch with narrowly varying combinations of the above ingredients. I understand the profs get a fairly good afternoon-tea, but as for the rest of us!

I understand the Executive of the Students' Association has at various times in the past made ineffectual protests; the time seems ripe for a re-opening of the question and a complete overhauling of the whole business. Has the Professorial Board or the Council any control over the tea-room? On what system is it run—for the benefit of the students or for private profit? Are those responsible for its management in any way competent to run it? Have they had any experience outside of the College, and would they stand the faintest chance of making a success of a place run on the same lines on the Quay or in Willis Street? The ordinary student, boarding and working during the day, has not a very enviable row to hoe; isn't a certain amount of fairly decent food his due in exchange for his none too plentiful shillings at a tea-room in his own College? It seems to me, "Spike," that these are questions seriously needing an answer, and I trust the business will not be allowed to rest here.

I am, etc.,

"FED UP."

[Our correspondent fails to grasp the truth that plain living necessarily accompanies, and not unseldom follows, high think-



ing. If he cannot subdue his lamentable craving for luxury, his best course is to join the Tramping Club and learn, under Professorial direction, to what lengths it can be carried.—Ed. "Spike."]

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## A Masculine Protest

*"Nay, you shall have no hat. Come, lady, come."*—The Winter's Tale

Dear "Spike,"

Once more the old vexed question comes up, the question which has formed the basis of many arguments for various reforms in this College—"Is this a University, or is it a night-school?" Truly an offensive question this, but it would seem that there is at least some justification for asking it.

You in your wisdom, "Spike," may be able to tell us why it is that several women students find it necessary, or desirable, or both, to parade the halls of V.U.C., to enter even into the sanctity of its lecture-rooms (and one at least into the very library thereof) attired in the full regalia of their head-gear. Is it a privilege of their sex? Do they think it becoming? Does it improve their personal appearance? Is it for one or all of these reasons that they do it, or is it done for a wager? Perhaps the answer is to be found in these words of the immortal bard:—

"Women are frail, too—ay, as the glasses where they view themselves."

It is a perplexing problem, "Spike," and I venture to suggest, an annoying one.

This, it seems to me, is a matter worthy of our attention. I have always understood—correct me if I am wrong—that there is connected with the idea of a University, in a dim and distant way, perhaps, but nevertheless connected with it, some tittle of dignity. And yet, when we walk through the halls of our College, we find confronting us several specimens of femininity (numbering, it is true, only about six in all) attired in their "delicate fine hats." Truly a dignified spectacle! It may be argued that of a mole-hill I make a mountain; that very few women students offend in this way, and that there is therefore no need for concern. But is it not the thin end of the wedge? Do not great oaks from little acorns grow? To my poor masculine mind, this seems to be the case, and I might add that I am by no means a hater of women. Nor do I say that all the men in our College are perfect, or even mediocre—that would be indeed a bold assertion.

But I do say that there is no necessity for this, "Spike." Even if these students must leave the University as soon as possible after lectures (which cannot always be the case) the time taken in getting their hats from their common-room, and in putting them on—even allowing for all necessary adjustment of tresses and first-aid to study-room complexions—would not make any appreciable difference. The men students—if the comparison may be forgiven—manage to get on satisfactorily without taking their impedimenta with them in their migrations from cloak-room to lecture-room, as do the very great majority

of the women. Why should not these few fairer members of our College do the same?

It is a spectacle which is neither dignified nor necessary, neither imposing nor charming. Why, then, should it be inflicted upon us? Strange, indeed, are the ways of women.

It grieves me to confess, "Spike," that I am

A MERE MALE.

## SABBATH IN THE LIBRARY

(To the Editor)

Dear Sir,

May I crave the indulgence of your excellent magazine to air a matter which is to many of us of great importance? It concerns the Library—the privileges of which excellent institution I, for one, take full advantage of. Could you tell me why the College Library closes at 12.30 on Saturdays? This seems to me a great pity, for, while the Library should be for the use and benefit of the students, it is closed during a time when many could, and would, use it. It is all so very well to say that students have had enough swot by Saturday—what about the students who have to work all day for their living (the largest percentage of those at Victoria) and whose main spare time is over the week-end? I am aware, of course, that many will be representing the College on the field of sport, and without belittling these in the slightest, I would point out that they are only a small percentage—about 20% at the most. What about the other 650 or so students? The Library being available on Saturday afternoon and evening would be a tremendous boon to them.

Hoping you will be generous enough to give this suggestion consideration, and thanking you for your space,

I am, etc.,

W.R.S.

## A LANDSCAPE (Ovid)

Beneath the sunny hillside stood a grove  
Of holm-oaks in whose leafy boughs above,  
A multitude of twittering birds lay hid.  
Nearby, a meadow emerald amid,  
There curled a stream of murmuring water clear.  
I sheltered 'neath the leafy boughs for fear  
Of noon-day heat which pierced the welcome shade;  
Behold! There stood in search of luscious blade  
Before me a white cow among the flowers;  
Far whiter than new snow which fleeting hours  
Of sunshine have yet failed to melt again  
And swell the brook a-gurgling down the glen.

—R. B. CASTLE.

## College Notes

### UNIVERSITY REFORM

The insistent demand for University Reform has at length caused Authority to set up a Commission to find out what it is all about, who wants it and why, and what is the most (and least) that can (or should) be done. Authority will then, we presume, do something, or anything, or nothing. It has been privately suggested, with no change of facial expression observable by us, that the "SPIKE" "give a lead" to the Commission; we absolutely decline to attempt anything so egregious. The "SPIKE" has work enough engaging the interest of its actual readers without manufacturing penny thunders wherewith to excite the admiration of supposititious ones (who, if someone mentioned the "SPIKE" to them, would look blankly at the informant and uncertainly examine their chairs or their tempers). For the views of the expert, however, who can make the subject intelligible, or even interesting, to current readers, our pages are athirst: him we cheerfully invite to "Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

### EDITORS' HONOUR LIST

The lawless character of the "SPIKE" to-day is given a sharp twist towards respectability by the distinctions which a discerning Government has, since last issue, conferred upon three former editors. Mr. Justice Ostler was the first editor of this Journal. Mr. Arthur Fair, K.C., Solicitor-General, edited it in 1910, and Mr. C. H. Taylor, Crown Solicitor, Wellington, in 1911. The latter two gentlemen, and particularly Mr. Fair (we place a special emphasis on that word "particularly") have kept in active touch with their Alma Mater, and his Honour was prevented from doing so only by the fact of his residence in another city. To these honoured ex-students, who performed their full share in the building of our traditions, we offer our heartiest congratulations. We more than rejoice with them in their successes; we unashamedly gloat over them, and take fresh heart of grace in the matter of our own irresponsibility.

### THE ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

We had been an admirer, if a somewhat diffident one, of the recently-appointed Assistant Librarian long before her translation from the Public Library, where her genial pronouncements upon the negligible authors with whom we are accustomed to besot our spare-time fancies, and her adamant findings for tardy returns, taught us to respect her admirable quality. It is with gratification then that we see Miss Phyllis Isaacs gracing the Chair of Dignity in the Holy Place. May she long continue to grace it, to the lessening of white hairs upon a certain venerable head and a tempering of the severity born of the annually-renewed struggle for the Perfect Silence.

### GOWNS FOR UNDERGRADUATES

This entrancing suggestion, the impracticability of which has hitherto been so taken for granted that the Debating

Society (of pre-war days, needless to say) could actually discuss it without provoking adverse comment, was considered at the 1925 Annual Meeting of the Students' Association and solemnly adopted as a recommendation to the Professorial Board. The Professorial Board, wisely recognising that the fulness of time had yet to arrive for the distinctive habiliment of V.U.C. students, smiled politely (we hope) and said No; so that the "SPIKE" need have no fear of being kept awake during office hours by urgent applications from drapery firms for advertising space in its pages. The following account of the discussion at the Annual Meeting is contributed by a student who admits a strong antipathy to ceremonial attire:—

"The prime instigator of the innovation was Mr. G. O. Cooper, who invited us to urge the College Council to make compulsory the wearing of gowns by all undergraduates. The proposition was shown to rest upon a number of grounds. First, the cost would not be great, at any rate not after the thing got so thoroughly in swing that second-hand garments would be purchasable; secondly, there was ample precedent; thirdly, prolonged discussion seemed likely and he would not detain the meeting. The seconder, Mr. Coningham, naturally felt that the mover's exhaustive and powerful treatment of the subject absolved him from the necessity of making a lengthy speech. He did, however, make the excellent point that gowns would enable us to wear our dress suits in lectures, with immunity from unkind gibes, if at a late hour we were due to attend a function at Government House or the Victoria University College gymnasium, in which case we would, of course, be obliged to appear in that decorous garb. Another speaker reminded us, with unanswerable logic, that even if gowns cost five guineas apiece, no undue hardship need ensue, since 'nobody is compelled to attend a University unless he can afford to.' The motion was carried!"

### THE EXTRAVAGANZA

The Extravaganza for this year was a distinct improvement upon those of the past two years, for there was none at all. We understand that one was submitted and rejected. The reasons for its rejection we are not in a position to judge; we hope they were based upon a more acute sense of 'Varsity requirements in this matter than has been displayed for some time past. While we hold to the sneaking belief that the College can muster the ability to transform effectively any material offered it for the purpose of a Capping burlesque, at the same time we cannot but applaud the apparent decision of the Stud. Ass. to do without an extravaganza altogether rather than produce one outside of Capping time. This, together with our emancipation from the fetich of the Paid Professional Producer, makes it safe to predict an early return to the Capping extravaganza of tradition. Some of the verse in this issue appears to indicate the presence among us of a student uncommonly capable of composing one.

### MR. McELDOWNEY'S PAPER

The first year of a new journal is not unseldom like the first year of a young lawyer, undistinguished by any considerable success. The "New Nation" is by no means as yellow as its

cover; it has grappled valiantly with its varying initial fortunes and follows the "trial and error" method with an assurance that argues faith in the enterprise. Mr. McEldowney, the editor and proprietor, is a former V.U.C. student of some prominence, and carried away from this place a full equipment of the ideals of his day. It must be true that these ideals were more conservative than those of present students, for the "New Nation" has made its way very carefully and used wise old heads where many people looked for wild young ones. Nevertheless, we wish Mr. McEldowney every success; we even forgive him for walking away with the valuable efforts of several of our best contributors.

### CONGRATULATIONS

We cast the roses of congratulation at the feet of our brother J. S. Yeates, a man of almost incredible scientific attainment, and one of the best of fellows withal. He has just taken what we think is the first Ph.D. granted by the University of New Zealand, and is on the point of leaving for Cambridge with the first award of the new Science Travelling Scholarship—these honours as the culmination of two years of very brilliant post-graduate work in plant cytology. V.U.C. has turned out few men of finer record or promise. Besides these attainments of the intellect, anyone who has tramped and camped with him knows how hard it is to feel one is doing one's due amount of work in comparison with the Yeatesian efforts. We speed him upon his way regretfully, but in the expectation of further glories—a good student, a good tramp, and a good friend.

### ENGAGEMENTS

*"But the lot of humanity is on these children."*

—Emerson.

Irene Thwaites to D. R. Robinson (Cant. Coll.).

Bessie Norris to A. D. McKinlay.

### DR. LOTSY'S VISIT

The visit of Dr. J. P. Lotsy to New Zealand and his course of lectures in this College last term served to bring into direct contact with us one of the leading thinkers of the day. A native of Holland—that cradle of famous scientists—Dr. Lotsy was already a botanist of wide repute when, in 1916, he enunciated the theory set forth in his book "Evolution by means of Hybridisation." This aspect of his work is not only of the highest scientific import, but it is of immediate practical use in the breeding of plants and animals. To read his book is an interesting, even absorbing, experience; to hear his work from the man's own lips was inspiring. Dr. Lotsy proved to be no dry savant, but a genial, human fellow, with a splendid command of English and a ready fund of humour. Whether or not his theory be proved, it matters little; the real benefit comes from the fresh angle of view and the stimulus given by the unorthodox.

### NEW CLUBS

V.U.C., which once inspired the homage of spades, is now rich in clubs, any of which may be joined with no more ceremony (or expense) than the scratch of a pen. The Debating Society

provides exercise for the amateur politician, of one colour or many; the Free Discussion Club, for the thinker; the Social Service Club, for the practical Christian; there is hardly any quality or ambition which cannot be fostered in some College confraternity or other. And now we have to add the Historical Society, which follows the method of the free discussion, and the Musical Society, which restores to us the old Glee Club. Truly, we have happy, learned days before us; but what will happen when an Economics Society springs up, and a Psychological Society, and a College Law Society? Will there be time and room enough for them all? In the meantime, let the Debating Society hasten to rename itself the V.U.C. Political Club, while it still has a field of discussion left to it.

### LOSS AND GAIN

Welcome to D. O. Williams, M.A., F.R.E.S., who succeeds Dr. E. P. Neale as assistant in the Economics Department. A very fine statistician (no less than New Zealand's leading authority) goes over to the Public Service; a very fine fellow (at the very least) comes back to us, unspoiled by his sojourn among the barbarians. Good luck to them both!

### "THE FREE LANCE"

The local comic paper is at it again! The humour of the "Free Lance" is seldom to be taken seriously. Its serious pronouncements, however, are sometimes really funny; perhaps that is the reason why it survives. Or is it that the afternoon-tea sessions of the local Mayfair are incomplete without an occasional dish of the usual claptrap about the V.U.C. Debating Society? Poor old V.U.C.! In a city where rich men tumble over each other to bestow large sums of money upon public and charitable objects, you alone remain unbenefted; the public-spirited rich man cannot stomach the Debating Society, so makes his munificent bequests to the Plunket Society, the Karitane Home, the Soldiers' Memorial, the Art Gallery, the Public Hospital, and so on. Look at the spacious parks and beautifully-equipped children's playgrounds donated to the City; count up the valuable scholarships bestowed upon primary and secondary schools, which do not indulge in the sinister activity of debate. What is a mere Chair of Economics or of Agriculture beside these? Go to, Free Lance! you deduce too much from an eightpence given in charity. Wellington is a dreadfully poor town—as poor as the quality of its humorous journal.

### VALE

To lose a fellow-collegian by death is a sad thing. When that death comes suddenly and through misadventure, the loss is doubly sad. We bid farewell to our friend, Adam James Glasgow, a decent fellow and a good student, who died during a dental operation on June 22nd. To his bereaved parents we offer our deepest sympathy.





"... the mouths of all were more or less open, and as I looked at them from behind I saw that their heads had been hollowed."—Butler: Erewhon.

If the interrupted brevity of the First Term has brought it about that the Debating Society, in common with its fellow-clubs at College, has little more to record at this stage than a beginning, there need not lack a paragraph or so to grace the "Urgent Rustice Sane" and the place of honour among the jottings of the various Clubs; for the Society began the year splendidly.

The Annual General Meeting differed, we imagine, from most of its twenty-five predecessors: the small band that usually attends an annual meeting, and consists merely of the Committee-elect with a handful of supporters and admirers gave place to an enthusiastic gathering, which filled the gymnasium seats and cupboard-tops to overflow capacity and the atmosphere with its election-cries and cat-calls. It is a day of evil omen for any institution, be it Parish Church or Dominion Parliament, when interest in the election of its chosen ones fades and the scrutineer's task becomes a sinecure; such a state betrays corruption on the part of the candidates or indifference on the part of the electors—possibly both; but no such indications were visible at the Annual Meeting of the Debating Society this year. A distinguished barrister contended (in absentia) with a College Professor (also in absentia) for the honoured position of President. Nominations for every office below that of President flowed in from all parts of the hall. In the absence of the scrutineers on each occasion there was time for lengthy debates on matters of minor interest; and so marked were the results of the first-past-the-post system of voting that a small but determined minority found that to be united was indeed to win the day. The meeting, at its outset, generously endorsed "the principle of offering for debate subjects bearing on current social and political controversy." The Society's retirement from the stage of the local newspaper press was hotly canvassed by a few, whose efforts met with partial success. But the most far-reaching reform of the evening was due to the zeal of Messrs. Cooper and Yaldwyn, who moved: "That the office of Patron be reinstated in the Society." This was carried—and we regret that we cannot display our classical learning by adding an unobtrusive "nemine contradicente." The name of His Excellency the Governor-General was then submitted inter alia for the consideration of the meeting—a diligent searching of the 1913 edition of Standing Orders revealed obscure and wondrous provisions previously unheard-of: the Chairman gave an important ruling, which was immediately ratified by the meeting, whereupon the Chairman expressed an inclination to retract his decision: a legal luminary moved to amend the constitution. The amendment was carried, and in vain did the strong ones rage; for His Excellency was elected Patron of the Society "subject to his written consent being obtained within a reasonable time after the election." It may be recorded here that His Excellency was duly approached and asked if it was His Excellency's pleasure to honour the Society by accepting office in that capacity. His Excellency much appreciated the desire of the Society that he should become its Patron; but in order to give him some idea of the character of the Society's discussions, he would very much like to have, before giving his decision, a programme of debates for the ensuing session. The programme was supplied. His Excellency accepted with pleasure the office of Patron of the Society. So this year's Plunket Medal orators may look forward, if all goes well, to reciting their dramatic biographies before "a party from



Government House. (Intending competitors please to note that subjects must be approved of by the Committee).

The opening debate of the session, on 18th April, centred around the motion "That the advent into Municipal affairs of Party Politics and its attendant 'tickets' is to be deplored." Mr. P. Martin-Smith and Mr. B. N. Eade contended for the affirmative that political platforms were meaningless when reduced to the scale of municipal matters, where all that was needed was sound business administration; they declared that one man had elected the Mayor of Wellington (the official Returning Officer has since announced the same result), that his rival's supporters had virtually been disfranchised, and hinted at sinister purposes lying concealed beneath an apparently harmless Municipal Credo. Messrs. A. E. Hurley and I. H. Macarthur endeavoured to show that the drastic remedies of the Labour Party, for instance, were urgently needed in municipal affairs to assist in solving the Housing Problem, and that reforms springing from an ideal code of political morals were as necessary in local politics as they were desirable in matters of National concern. A minority of the audience only, however, shared this view of the situation, and the motion was consequently carried. Mr. H. F. O'Leary placed the best five speakers as follows: Messrs. C. H. Arndt, R. M. Campbell, P. Martin-Smith, E. H. Dowsett and C. G. R. James. The Chairman took opportunity at the close of the meeting to congratulate Mr. Baume and Mr. Campbell upon their well-deserved win in the Tournament Debate at Christchurch.

A fortnight later, between forty and fifty members of the Society again met, when Messrs. S. E. Baume and G. A. Nicholls moved "That Arbitration does not at the present time offer either a desirable or a practical means of solving International disputes." Mr. W. P. Rollings, with him Mr. C. H. Arndt, appeared in opposition. The movers generously admitted the desirability of all disputes being settled by arbitration; but strenuously denied that there was anything practical about the schemes suggested for the purpose. Their opponents, having evidently come with the strongest side of their case fully worked up, calmly ignored the candid admission that arbitration was desirable, and proved the proposition up to the hilt. They failed to convince either the audience as a whole or the members of the Society present that arbitration was workable in practice. The following gentlemen were adjudged by Mr. P. J. O'Regan to be the best speakers of the evening: Messrs. S. E. Baume, W. P. Rollings, A. E. Hurley, R. M. Campbell and C. H. Arndt.

Marriage is said to be a question in which everybody has a vested interest, so to the inclemencies of the weather must be attributed the poor audience that attended a debate on 30th May on what is now universally deemed the natural complement of marriage divorce. Mr. H. R. Bannister and Mr. Rea moved, opposed by Mr. C. G. R. James and Mr. R. R. T. Young, "That the extension of Legal Facilities for Divorce is to be welcomed." The movers affirmed that the vexed question of domicile called for an immediate simplification of the divorce laws, and that the duplicated procedure now necessary to obtain a divorce in three months should be done away with. We believe we are correct in saying that only one gentleman was heard to advocate divorce at the instance of either one of the parties. The opposers of the motion quoted St. Matthew and the authors of the English Prayer Book to support their case, and told their hearers that the majority of married people desired no facilities for a return to freedom, but rather wished the marriage to be made indissoluble. The motion was rejected twice. The judge, Mr. W. E. Leicester, placed as the best five speakers Messrs. R. M. Campbell, J. B. Yaldwyn, W. P. Rollings, R. F. Fortune and A. E. Hurley.

The attendances at these three debates have not been good in comparison with those of the past two or three years; but the number of speakers has been maintained excellently. It is, we think, a regrettable feature that the Society's meetings have in one respect tended to resemble those of the early post-war period, when "members endeavoured to make themselves audible in a hailstorm of interjections."

The Society extends its best wishes for success to the newly-formed Wellington Law Students' Society. Thanks are due to a Committee of the Christian Union for organising a social tea before each of the debates.

In another place will be found a full account of the long-to-be-remembered Oxford Debates and of our friends the Oxford Debaters, who belied all outward appearances by championing the most Conservative schools of political thought, and we shall make our retiring bow with a

tale recounted by one of the Society's recent judges, leaving our readers, before they pass on to the activities of other Clubs, to test their ingenuity, as readers always will, by seeking to give it a local application and a name: It concerns an old gentleman who, in answer to an observation that "Punch" was not anything like what it used to be, replied "No, it never was."

## FREE DISCUSSIONS CLUB

*"Truth is a good thing; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out."*—S. T. Coleridge.

The efforts to follow that elusive lady, Truth, wherever she may lead, has been pursued with customary vigour and enthusiasm since the opening of the session, though of late weeks the quarry seems to have gone to earth in a somewhat unaccountable manner. Strenuous efforts are being made, however, to raise a new scent.

The season opened with a grand steeple-chase during the week March 30 to April 3, the whole of which was given to discussion of the more important of the reports of the recent Copec movement in England, organised largely by the impetuous energy of that insatiable sportsman, Mr. R. M. Campbell. The week's orgy was, on the whole, well attended, and we hope some portion at least of the quarry was caught and caged; certainly a good many other objects of the chase were badly mangled in the process. The five discussions were on the relations of Christianity and the following subjects: International Relations and War (led by Mr. J. C. Beaglehole), Leisure (Mr. W. P. Rollings), The Relation of the Sexes (Mr. P. Martin-Smith), Industry and Property (Mr. J. T. V. Steele), and a general discussion on Christianity and Contemporary World-problems (Mr. R. M. Campbell). The most interesting of these discussions were the first and the last, probably because people knew more about the first, and the last left scope for those who didn't know a great deal about anything. The first discussion became concentrated on war, pacifism, non-resistance, and the Church's attitude in the last war, and finally lapsed into a personal quarrel between Mr. R. F. Fortune, who cast a wide net of accusations, and the Rev. Mr. Inglis, a doughty combatant, and one of the few parsons out of Wellington's fifty to whom invitations were sent who graced us with their presence. Mr. Dowsett gave a lucid exposition of the Quaker view, Mr. Campbell probed gingerly into mysticism, and the Rev. Dr. Gibb acknowledged his sins of the past as a minister of the Christian religion during the Great War.

The discussion on contemporary world-problems ranged from Mr. Campbell's stirring denunciation of the actions of the Bishops in the House of Lords during the course of the Industrial Revolution to Mr. Rollings' eulogy on John Wesley and the pioneers of British missionary enterprise, Mr. Beaglehole's indictment of Mr. Rollings' history, and Mr. James' confession of his lack of faith. Other features were Archdeacon Watson's defence of the bench of bishops and the "poor old Church," with special reference to the production of some mystically beautiful character by church schools, as opposed to the general godlessness of New Zealand, and Dr. Sutherland's exposition of the methods and aims of that distinguished revolutionist Mahatma Gandhi, accompanied by explanation of the more esoteric terminology of the faith. The general impression of the meeting seemed to be that Christianity had seen its best days.

The Wednesday discussion on the Relation of the Sexes was again very interesting, though there seemed a certain unwillingness to speak on the part of even some of the most hardened conversationalists. Before the discussion could get well on its way, too, there was a regrettable disappearance of some of the female portion of the meeting, though we were subsequently assured that this was due to the urgency of a reformed train-service. Mr. Martin-Smith gave a good sketch of the main lines of the Copec report, but the subsequent exchange of opinions became centred on birth control, after a fervent plea by the Rev. F. H. Dawn for enlightenment on the basic facts of sex for children. It was therefore impossible to discuss really deeply such pressing problems as the double standard of morality, the desirability or otherwise of marriage and divorce, etc. Mr. Dowsett, however, backed up Mr. Dawn's panegyric on marriage as an institution, whether Christian

or not, and incidentally provided the sole touch of humour in the proceedings; and Dr. Neale summed up from the standpoint of the economist and statistician.

The meeting on Leisure degenerated into a duel between Professor Hunter and Mr. Rollings as to whether insurance was a form of gambling, with a few remarks edged in by other speakers on more or less cognate subjects. Mr. Campbell asked a good many questions. Mr. Beaglehole professed himself unable to understand what Mr. Rollings meant by describing Christianity as a Great Adventure. Mr. Steele expressed his extreme distaste for the majority of professing Christians as opposed to those of worth and character outside the pale. Mr. P. J. G. Smith gave a short resume of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church to matters of error, heresy, and faith generally, with some incursions into religious psychology. The Rev. Mr. Rollings threw in some lurid sidelights on the relations of the aforesaid Church with the local traffic in liquor; though it was gratifying to hear that a large amount of its capital was being transferred to the afternoon tea and cake business.

On the evening devoted to Industry and Property, Mr. Steele laid down the fact of the goodness of God as a necessary postulate for the Christian conception of property and everything involved therein from the point of view of reform. Professor Hunter, on the plea of getting down to fundamental conceptions, thereupon embarked on a theological wrangle whether there was a God, and, if so, whether he was good, ably seconded by other members present, among whom Mr. Eade and Mr. Fortune were prominent. It may have been on this occasion (memory being very tricky) that Mr. Smith upheld the logical banner of the Faith, and not on the preceding one: he certainly did on one occasion doughtily.

On the whole, this week of Copec proved one of the most stimulating series of meetings the Club has ever had, both for variety and intensity in discussion. The only regrettable feature was that so few ministers of religion out of the half-hundred asked were able to be present. It would have been excellent to have had a really powerful official apologist for Christianity; as it was, the "poor old Church," as Archdeacon Watson so aptly phrased it, got rather a rough spin.

At the Annual General Meeting, April 23, after the election of officers had been disposed of and a motion moved by Mr. Beaglehole to change the name of the Club to the original Heretics' Club had been lost by a thumping majority, Professor Hunter led a discussion on Freedom of Thought in Universities, with special reference to conditions in the United States. He briefly traversed the record of freedom of thought in history; religion was the great obstacle of old, but modern tendencies, mainly economic and financial, were more subtle and powerful. Instances of dismissals actually carried out by governing bodies with the purpose of stifling freedom were given, e.g., Sanford at Clark University, Scott Nearing at Pennsylvania, Meiklejohn at Amherst, Laski (who resigned) at Harvard, Toynebee (who also resigned) at King's College, University of London; while piquant instances of theological bias at Otago brought us nearer home. By way of stimulating commentary Professor Hunter read the opinions of many of his own acquaintances among the eminent of American education, on Upton Sinclair's celebrated "Goose-Step." Discussion was not very lively, mainly because everybody agreed with everything that had been said. Mr. Steele did not think that religion was such an intolerant force nowadays as it had been. He instanced such leading exponents of amity as Dean Inge, Canon Barnes, and Dr. Fosdick as fairly latitudinarian in their views, and adverted to a personal encounter of his own with an eccentric elder of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Campbell quoted John Stuart Mill, and pointed out (rightly or wrongly) that Mr. Steele regarded the above-mentioned ecclesiastics as leading exponents of their faith merely because he himself agreed with them. Mr. Ivory remarked that he had heard some very adverse remarks by the commercial fraternity of Wellington on the rabid radicalism of Professor Murphy's recent text book on economics. Miss Gardner referred to the general feebleness of thought at V.U.C.; Mr. Eade made some remarks on Truth in general; Professor Hunter summed up on the importance of influences on student mentality.

Professor Hunter also kicked off for the next discussion, on Immortality on June 11. He traversed the various arguments that had been brought forward in support of this pious aspiration, whether pagan, Christian or pseudo-scientific, and criticised them all in turn. He admitted the tre-

mendous value morally of immortality; but this might be exerted to bad ends as well as good, and frequently was, e.g., we should carry out our social reforms here and now, and not wait for a benevolent deity to right all wrongs in the next world. He pleaded for the view of men and women as immortal in their descendants and emphasised the vital importance such an attitude would have on conduct if universally adopted.

The discussion was very vigorous. Mr. Steele, in a speech of much fervour, laid stress on the religious nature of man and the importance of immortality as starting now in this present life; the Kingdom of God was a progress; an analogy might be brought into the spiritual sphere from the conception of the conservation of energy. Mr. Simpson argued from texts, which he quoted with praiseworthy fluency, and stressed the value of emotion and faith rather than intellect as an argument. He preferred to believe in a certain interpretation of certain texts. Mr. Beaglehole asked Mr. Simpson for a definition of a faith as a proof of immortality; did Mr. Simpson regard his preference for a certain belief as valid proof of a future life? Mr. Fortune did not agree with Mr. Steele and Mr. Simpson. The idea of immortality was merely the egotism of human beings; if we were discontented with this life we should set about improving things at once. Mr. Wilson remarked on the utilitarian value of such a belief. Mr. Dowsett believed in immortality in spite of the lack of either academic proof or disproof; combatted statements that such a belief had always hindered, or should necessarily hinder, social reform. Mr. Ward remarked on the close connection between the belief and the fear of death. Professor Hunter summed up in his usual stimulating way, mainly in altercation with Mr. Steele on the interpretation of vital parts of the New Testament: the Church was dragged at the tail of the cart of social reform. (The idea of immortality at this juncture became rather evanescent).

On June 25 Mr. Campbell led a stirring discussion on Marriage and Divorce. For some inscrutable reason this meeting was unattended by women; one or two hung bashfully round the door at the beginning, but failed to come in; and when about 9 o'clock three unsuspecting damsels did stroll in, they did no more than sit down, send one horrified look round the room, and flee. For this extraordinary boycott we are quite at a loss to account. Mr. Campbell gave a brief historical sketch of the regard paid to marriage and divorce as institutions, contrasting the position at the present day with its religious implications with that under the Roman civil law. Nevertheless neither institution was essentially a question of law or religion. He considered various objections to easier divorce and on the whole pronounced himself to be in favour of marriage rites from purely utilitarian considerations, divorce by mutual consent on the Scandinavian plan. Mr. Riske was wholeheartedly against any ceremony of marriage or divorce at all. They were purely personal questions and society had absolutely no right to interfere with two individuals. This position was also supported by Mr. Fortune and with modifications by Mr. Beaglehole. Mr. Eade, in supporting the sacramental character of a pure passion, painted in lurid colours the horrors of free love; Mr. Tattersall cleared up various legal points; Mr. Ward supplied one or two interesting footnotes.

And so the good work goes on.

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### FOOTBALL CLUB.

*"And when thyself with shining foot shall pass  
Among the guests star-scatter'd on the grass  
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made one—turn down an empty glass.  
—Omar Khayyam.*

At the date of our going to press the Club's prospects seem to be particularly bright, and though we touch wood while saying it, there appears to be an excellent chance of the senior team winning the local competition. It is perhaps too soon, so to speak, but a wonderful spirit of optimism pervades the Club and its numerous and generous supporters, and while undeniably the majority of the matches won by the senior team have been against the weaker teams, yet it is significant that contrary to all tradition, so far (the "saving clause") the team has played consistently, especially when the odds seemed against it.

With a team of younger players with a sprinkling of those with thinning hair, the Club seems to be full of dashing players who have shown Saturday after Saturday a very pleasing team-spirit and combination. This is true not only of the senior team, but also of all the others; in spite of vacation difficulties and the handicap of distant grounds even the emergencies turn up regularly. It is sincerely hoped that this spirit will continue to be so much in evidence.

This year the Club has put in the field one team more than last year, and although the proposed College grade competitions unfortunately did not eventuate, the team which would have played therein has been entered in the third grade competition and has done well to keep up the high standard set by the teams in the higher grades.

The College first fifteen also is to be congratulated on being the only College team to defeat the Sydney University visiting team. In the three tests between Sydney University and New Zealand Universities the College was well represented, the following members of the senior team playing in the N.Z. University team: H. N. Burns (1st), R. H. C. Mackenzie (2nd and 3rd), J. O. J. Malfroy (2nd and 3rd), P. Martin-Smith (2nd and 3rd), C. O'Regan (1st, 2nd and 3rd), Sceats (1st), and E. Walpole (1st). The captain of the senior team, P. Martin-Smith, who was not available for the first test, captained the second test team and was vice-captain of the third test team.

Two teams again have been entered in the Junior Competition, and in spite of the constant call of the Seniors on members of the Junior A team, that team is doing very well indeed. Both teams seem to be improving as the season progresses. Similarly with the Third Grade Competition, both teams are settling down well.

A newspaper report of the match against Sydney University, played on Athletic Park on Wednesday, the 20th May, is appended, as also are the results of the Senior Grade matches to date.

#### V. SYDNEY.

The teams were:—

Sydney University: Full-back, Williams; three-quarters, Johnston, Andrew, M'Dermott, Tilbury; halves, Lampert and Pratt; forwards, Waddington, Todhunter, O'Dea, Storey, Flynn, Hingst, Garratt, Wiseman.

Victoria University College: Full-back, Marks; three-quarters, Malfroy, Kells, Sceats; five-eighths, Walpole, Love; half, Hart; wing-forward, M'Kenzie; forwards, M'William, O'Regan, Burns, Martin-Smith, Joll, Pope, Wiren.

'Varsity won the toss, and took the wind. Sydney followed up their kick-off in lively fashion, and it was soon seen that they had plenty of speed. After a brief spell of even loose exchanges on both sides of the half-way line, Sydney opened up the first passing movement, out from Pratt to Johnston, who failed to take a difficult delivery. The Sydney forwards followed up, and had the better of the footwork. Sceats just managed to force in time. The kick-off did not get far, and 'Varsity were soon again in danger. Pratt opened up his favourite blind side from a scrum, and M'Dermott sent on to Johnston, who scored at the corner. Andrews failed with a difficult kick. Sydney, 3; Victoria College, 0.

The local men were spurred by this early reverse, and began a determined attack. Sydney were penalised for playing the ball on the ground, and O'Regan had an unsuccessful shot at goal. The return kick was charged down, and Malfroy, securing possession, made a good run down the line, and transferring to Walpole, enabled that player to score a good try. O'Regan converted handsomely. 'Varsity, 5; Sydney, 3.

After a breakaway by Lambert and Pratt had been sent back, 'Varsity resumed the attack, and Williams, the Sydney full-back, beaten by the bounce of a long kick to him, slipped, and was overwhelmed by the Green forwards. Malfroy and Walpole picked up, and carried on, and Martin-Smith completed with a good try by the posts. O'Regan easily converted. Varsity, 10; Sydney, 3.

It was not long before the score was enhanced by a penalty goal, kicked by O'Regan. 13-3. Sydney now got going, and, succeeding in the scrums and in loose play, made much headway. McDermott, the most conspicuous of the Sydney backs, was nearly over from a pass round the scrum. The advantage of position was followed up, and a splendid try came from an opening by Hingst, who gave the ball to Lampert. The outside half sidled through the defence and touched down by the posts.

Williams kicked a goal. Half-time followed almost immediately with the score: 'Varsity, 13; Sydney, 8.

Expectations of a close finish were disappointed. The visitors found themselves too tired by the vigorous first spell to take full advantage of the wind in their favour in the second half. Play on the whole at this point was rather dull, and it was not till a great break-away of the Sydney forwards saw Waddington held up on the line, and a return raid by the Greens in their best style, backs and forwards handling the ball with equal facility, transferred play right to the other end that the crowd waxed enthusiastic. Malfroy and Kells were the last to handle the ball, and Kells was just tackled in time. A moment later Malfroy tried the other wing, and was just crowded out. M'Dermott, with a great kick, transferred play back to 'Varsity twenty-five. Here, behind a line-out, he dummied brilliantly, and gave Tilbury a chance with Andrews of scoring. Andrews took the final pass badly. 'Varsity cleared their territory, and a sweeping combined rush was topped off with a fine run by Walpole, who was brought down with an ankle dive by Johnston. Kells took up the running with a clever scoop off the ground, and scored near the corner. O'Regan failed with the kick. The game ended with a win for the local team, 16-8.

Mr. J. Moffitt was referee.

#### SENIOR GRADE.

V. Old Boys, April 18th. Won—11-5. Mackenzie and Foden scored tries and O'Regan converted one.

V. Hutt, May 2nd. Won—8-3. Love scored a try, converted by O'Regan, who also kicked a penalty.

V. Oriental, May 9th. Won—19-16. Walpole, Martin-Smith and Sceats (2) scored tries and O'Regan kicked a penalty and converted two tries.

V. Selwyn, May 16th. Won, 45-3. Walpole, Malfroy (2). Sceats, Kells, Martin-Smith (3), Joll (2), and O'Regan scored tries. Conversions were effected by O'Regan (2), Kells (2), Bird and Love.

V. Wellington, May 23rd. Won, 11-3. Marks scored two tries and converted one. Jackson scored one try.

V. Berhampore, May 30th. Won, 18-10. Love, Walpole, Joll, Sceats, Foden (2), scored tries, none of which were converted.

The results of matches in other grades will be published in the next issue of "The Spike."

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#### CRICKET CLUB.

*"Long as I had some kind of wicket  
'Twas never the wrong 'un, fast or slow;  
An' I thank my stars I took to cricket  
Seven-an'-fifty years ago."*

—Norman Gale.

The past season has been probably the most important that the Club has ever passed through. The battle for senior status seems at last to have been fought and won, and the winning of the Junior A championship for two years in succession is no mean achievement. A fine team spirit and an enthusiasm second to none have, however, pulled us through, and, after all, inexperience is perhaps not such a great handicap as at first sight appears. With youth and enthusiasm on our side the battle was half won.

The standard of play during the past season showed an all-round improvement except in fielding. At times the work of the team in the field bordered on brilliant, whilst at others it showed an astonishing reversal of form, due, no doubt, to lack of concentration and over-confidence. The previous year's success, whilst giving some the confidence necessary for success in any sport, gave to others what seemed very much like an excess of it. It would perhaps be as well to remind players here "that a game is never won until it is over." The previous year's team spirit was, to a small degree, lost—the clinging together for moral support so conspicuous the previous year, when, easily the youngest team in our grade, we started rather nervously to show that youth will prevail—was almost wholly replaced by confidence. A notable exception to this falling off both in the team work and in the field work was found in the match against Kilbirnie,



when the whole team rose to the occasion magnificently and administered a severe drubbing to a team composed practically of ex-senior players.

The carrying-off of championship honours two years in succession by such a young team is an achievement the merit of which may be seen when it is stated that never before has a university eleven succeeded in carrying off championship honours. Although probably the youngest team that has ever represented the 'Varsity, the team prides itself on having set a new standard for 'Varsity cricket and on having upheld the best traditions of university sport and sportsmanship.

All the members of last year's team are young enough to have all their cricket before them, and it is hoped that those 'Varsity men who have been playing for outside clubs will rally round the old colours and help to carry off the senior championship and, more especially, the Club championship. The prospects for the coming season are of the brightest, and the Club hopes to continue its policy of encouraging young players and of fostering that team spirit which has made a happy family of the Club's adherents during the last two years.

It is very pleasing to record the success which finally attended the persevering efforts of the Junior B team, which was very unlucky in not defeating the undefeated champions in their grade.

#### FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

V. Hutt—Won by 37 runs on the first innings. 'Varsity made 142 and Hutt replied with 105.

V. Petone—Won by seven wickets. 'Varsity, first innings, 184 and three wickets for 77. Petone, 199 and 133.

V. Institute—Lost by 35 runs on the first innings. 'Varsity 124 and seven wickets for 237. Institute 159 and 308. The only loss of the season.

V. Wellington—Won by an innings and 44 runs. 'Varsity seven wickets for 364. Wellington 207 and 113.

V. Midland—Won by seven wickets. 'Varsity 99 and three wickets for 144. Midland 163 and 76.

V. Kilbirnie—Won by an innings and 14 runs. 'Varsity 331. Kilbirnie 114 and 203. Kilbirnie were previously unbeaten.

V. Eastbourne—Won by an innings and 124 runs. 'Varsity 337. Eastbourne 128 and 85.

V. Old Boys—Won by 10 wickets. 'Varsity 279 and 8 for no wickets. Old Boys 104 and 179.

#### BATTING AVERAGES.

		No.	Not	Total	Highest	
		Innings.	Outs.	Runs.	Score.	Average.
Mackenzie	..	10	2	337	77*	42.1
A. M. Wilson	..	8	3	203	71	40.6
Berry	..	8	2	234	140*	39.0
Kent	..	6	0	213	92	35.5
Hollings	..	11	1	303	67	30.3
Greig	..	10	1	222	77	24.7
Wiren	..	10	2	183	42	22.9

#### BOWLING AVERAGES.

		Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
Hollings	..	204	35	670	57	11.8
Wilson	..	33	0	236	18	13.1
Greig	..	166	10	720	42	17.1
Wiren	..	51	6	240	8	30.0

#### ATHLETIC CLUB.

*"We are creatures of movement; complete repose is death."*

Pascal.

This year the Club has again had a very successful season; in fact, one might almost say it has had its most successful season. Numerically, the Club is very little stronger than it was the previous season, but the performance of the members have been much improved.

Owing to the presence of the visiting athletes from Australia, the N.Z. Council held a test meeting on the only Saturday afternoon suitable, and this year the Club was accordingly forced to hold the annual inter-faculty sports at two evening meetings on the Basin Reserve.



The weather was all that could be desired, and in two events new records were established, namely, the 440 yards (C. B. Allan, 51 4-5sec.) and the mile walk (S. G. McIntosh, 7min. 4sec.). The Oram Cup for the most points gained by a competitor was won by W. G. Kalaugher, while the Graduates' Cup for the best performance was awarded to Allan and McIntosh jointly.

Although the Club filled only third place for the McVilly Shield at the Provincial Championships, yet the points gained were considerably more than had ever previously been scored by the Club.

In the John Dewar Challenge Shield the Club was well out of the running. This competition is decided on a handicap basis, and as the majority of the Club's members are back markers it was possible to gain only a comparatively few points.

The Club is, however, justly proud of its relay racing, and although it has been beaten when the team has not been up to full strength, with the Club's best team in the field no club has yet, over any distance, beaten it.

The Club is the present holder of the Oates Baton for most points gained in the relay races held at evening meetings, the Heenan Challenge Baton, the Hobson Cup for the one mile relay, and the University Relay Cup. In winning the latter for the fourth successive time the Club has established a record. Shortly before Easter a relay team consisting of C. B. Allan, C. W. Davies, M. Leadbetter, and F. S. Hill went to Palmerston North and was successful in defeating teams from Wanganui and Manawatu. Owing to the fact that the Heenan Baton Relay Race was run on the same night as the Inter-faculty Sports, Hill and Leadbetter were unable to compete in the 220 yards College Championship. The following were the members of the relay team during the year: A. D. Priestly (880 yards), C. B. Allan (880 and 440 yards), C. W. Davies (880 and 440 yards), L. A. Tracy (440 and 220 yards), M. Leadbetter (220 yards), F. S. Hill (220 yards).

At the annual Inter-Varsity Tournament, held at Christchurch, the College again gained second place in athletics. The team consisted wholly of Club members, and on the whole they can be proud of their performances. But for unforeseen and unfortunate accidents the Athletic Shield would almost certainly have been brought to Wellington. Both Allan and Priestly were distinctly off colour. Had they been properly fit we feel sure that the 440 and 880, one mile and three miles' titles would now be held by V.U.C.

Club members were again successful in championship and other competitions. The following members gained or successfully defended their championship titles:—

M. Leadbetter—

- Won 100 yards Wellington Provincial Championship.
- Won 100 yards N.Z. Championship.
- Won 100 yards and 220 yards N.Z. University Championship.
- Won 100 yards Inter-faculty Championship.

L. A. Tracy—

- 2nd in the 220 yards Provincial Championships.
- 3rd in the 440 yards Provincial Championships.
- 1st (equal) in the 220 yards N.Z. Championship.
- 2nd in the 440 yards N.Z. Championship.

A. D. Priestly—

- 2nd in 1 mile Provincial Championship.
- 2nd in 1 mile N.Z. Championship.
- Won Inter-faculty mile.

S. G. McIntosh—

- 1st 1 mile walk Provincial Championship.
- 1st 3 miles walk Provincial Championship.
- 2nd 1 mile walk N.Z. Championship.
- 2nd 3 mile walk N.Z. Championship.

E. V. Dunbar—

- 1st Javelin Provincial Championship.
- 3rd Javelin N.Z. Championship.
- 2nd 120 Hurdles N.Z. Championship.

As will be seen from the foregoing the Club has had a very successful season, and it is hoped that the coming season will be more successful still, but, as we remarked in commencement, the Club is not very strong numerically. Freshers should make a point of joining the Club and so help to add fresh laurels to its name.

## TENNIS CLUB.

*"Tennis is a noisy game. You cannot play it without a racket."*

—The Sayings of J. Brook, Esq.

The Tennis Club has again had a profitable season, particularly so in regard to membership. The number of students who joined the Club was 189, but fortunately, perhaps, the number of active players was about 80.

The courts were top-dressed during last winter, but nevertheless the surface is still capable of considerable improvement. The question of light at the northern end of the courts is also one which requires urgent attention.

### CLUB LADDER.

Interest in the Club ladder has been well maintained and a satisfactory number of matches has been played amongst the men. The women, however, have not been quite so energetic and have allowed the positions on their ladder to become practically stationary.

At the end of the season the four top positions were held by the following players:—

Women.	Men.
Miss Gardner.	R. R. T. Young.
Miss Thwaites.	F. H. Paul.
Miss Sheppard.	C. G. Ellis.
Miss E. Madeley.	N. A. Foden.

The ladder is now open throughout the winter, but not many players have been keen enough to face the Wellington southerlies in light flannels.

### CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The Club Championships were pushed forward with all convenient speed, but in spite of hustling tactics on the part of the committee two of the events are still unfinished.

The following are the results:—

Men's Singles—C. G. Ellis.

Men's Doubles—R. R. T. Young and C. G. Ellis.

Combined Doubles—R. R. T. Young and Miss Tracey.

C. G. Ellis is to be congratulated on winning the Men's Singles, in the course of which he defeated successively two such redoubtable opponents as R. R. T. Young and F. H. Paul. He himself, however, had a very narrow victory over W. Hay, who this season has shown greatly improved form. C. G. Ellis's attainment is an example of what can be done by serious and assiduous practice.

### EASTER TOURNAMENT.

The Club was represented at the Annual Inter-College Tournament by the following:—

Men's Singles—R. R. T. Young and F. H. Paul.

Men's Doubles—R. R. T. Young and F. H. Paul, C. G. Ellis and B. O'Brien.

Ladies' Singles—Miss M. Tracey and Miss Sheppard.

Ladies' Doubles—Miss Tracey and Miss Sheppard, Miss Thwaites and Miss Madeley.

Combined Doubles—R. R. T. Young and Miss Tracey, F. H. Paul and Miss Sheppard.

Miss R. Gardner, who was originally selected for the team, was unable to make the trip to Christchurch. We regret to report that no championships were captured on this occasion, but nevertheless our representatives contested the finals in two events. Hopes were raised of a win in the Men's Singles when R. R. T. Young defeated Turner, of Auckland, who had previously beaten E. W. B. Smythe. Young, however, was unable to continue in winning mood and was obliged to acknowledge defeat to Robinson, of Canterbury, in the final.

Miss Tracey and Young were also in the final of the Combined Championship but were unable to succeed against E. W. B. Smythe and Miss Ballantyne.

### TRIP TO OTAKI.

Our annual match against the Otaki Tennis Club is always looked forward to as one of the most enjoyable events of the tennis season. This year was no exception, as a large team of players who made the trip can testify. We are able to record that we managed to defeat the local team by a small margin.

## MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB.

*"Delightful thought! . . .  
To teach the young idea how to shoot."*

—Thomson.

Great interest has been taken in the Hockey Club this year, resulting in a membership of over 40, thus enabling the Club to enter three fairly strong teams in the Wellington Hockey Association competitions.

Senior Team:—D. Waghorn, J. L. McDuff, W. P. Hoillings, V. France, P. C. Fraser (Capt.), V. H. Thwaites, G. S. Simpson, C. H. Hain, A. M. Cousins, T. H. Paul, W. J. Lewis.

The team is without the services of Atkinson, Beere, Sykes, and Laurie, and consequently changes were necessary. Waghorn filled the goalie's position, McDuff moved to full-back, and Hain to the forwards. Paul, who played some seasons ago, again filled the inside left position, with Thwaites right half and Simpson right wing.

Although the results so far this season are not satisfactory, there is material in this team which, when developed with further practice, will make the combination a strong one. Matches played up to the end of May:—

V. Wakatu—Lost 5-1, Hain scored.

V. Hutt—Lost 6-1, Hain scored.

V. Wellington—Drawn 3-3, Paul (1) and Hain (2) scored.

V. Karori—Lost 4-1, Karori player kicked ball into our goal.

V. Wesley—Lost 4-3, Cousins (2) Lewis (1) scored.

Junior A.—Aldis, Eaves, Grant, James, Macarthur, Russell, Wilson, Young, Lucas, Kennard (Capt.), Warburton, Priestly. Results:—

V. Petone—Drawn, 2-2.

V. 'Varsity B—Won 7-0.

V. Karori—Lost 4-0.

V. Wakatu—Won 5-1.

This team is a fairly strong combination and ought to do well.

Junior B.—French, Maule, Hurley, Parker, Fielder, Foster, Wilson, Cousins, Bain (Capt.), Fraser, Davis, Reynolds. Results:—

V. Hutt—Lost 6-2.

V. Petone—Won 5-2.

V. 'Varsity A—Lost 7-0.

V. Training College—Won by default.

This team will combine well with more practice.

In the match between Auckland and Wellington University Colleges there was not a dull moment in the game, and a fast pace was maintained until "no side" was announced. The Auckland side were a formidable combination, and gave the better exhibition of hockey. Although each team scored three goals, the local eleven were not quite the equal in several departments to the Aucklanders. They did not possess the combination of the visitors, and, another thing, their stick-work and tackling were not as smart and clean. The Wellington men, however, were always dangerous when they reached their opponents' circle, whereas the Aucklanders missed several excellent opportunities of scoring through erratic shooting. Soon after "bully-off" Auckland invaded the Wellington circle, and but for good work by Waghorn, the 'Varsity goalie, would have scored twice within five minutes of the start. The ground made play a little difficult, but nevertheless the visitors displayed excellent stick-work. With a sweeping rush up field, the Auckland vanguard carried all before them, and a goal looked imminent. A misjudged shot, however, saw the ball fly just wide of the net. Wellington now took a turn at attack, and Cousins (centre forward) narrowly missed scoring from a good centre by Paul. Shortly afterwards, though, the Wellington men were back in the Auckland circle, and from a scramble Lewis, the left winger, found the net with a good shot. Wellington 1, Auckland 0. A melee in front of the local goal saw B. Hunt, left wing, open Auckland's scoring account. Wellington 1, Auckland 1. From the ensuing "bully" Wellington took the ball down field, and Cousins netted, to bring his side once more in the lead. Wellington 2, Auckland 1. Wellington were now playing better, but no further score resulted before half-time. After the interval, Wellington opened promisingly, but over-eagerness spoilt a likely chance of scoring. The visitors' tackling was deadly, and they forced Wellington back to their circle, where a smart stroke by Radcliffe saw the ball go right through the defence and into the net. Wellington 2, Auckland 2. In succeeding play Cousins, with a clink-

ing shot, placed another goal to Wellington's credit. Wellington 3, Auckland 2. The Auckland men battled hard, and good combined play enabled W. Wilson, on the right, to notch a fine goal just before "time" sounded, making the final score read: Wellington 3, Auckland 3.

Mr. R. Lloyd was referee.

The visitors were entertained at a dinner at Barrett's Hotel in the evening after the match.

The thanks of the Club are due to the following for donations received: Messrs. S. Eichelbaum, W. B. Brown, P. C. Fraser, L. J. Maule, and N. A. Foden.

## BASKETBALL CLUB.

This year again shows a good increase in Club membership. We have three teams playing in the Association matches and these, so far, have not suffered defeat. Last year the senior team, through their successful efforts, were instrumental in winning blazers. These were granted to R. Gardner, D. Crumpton O. Sheppard, D. Pillar, M. MacLaurin, M. Downes, G. Wilkie.

We were fortunate in having three of our senior team in the 1924 Wellington representatives: O. Sheppard, D. Pillar, D. Crumpton.

At the Seven-a-side Tournament, held on June 3rd, our three teams took part. The Senior A team was unlucky in meeting the champions of the 1924 and the 1925 tournaments in the first round; otherwise Varsity would have reached the semi-finals.

We were disappointed at not being able to take part in the Inter-Varsity Basketball Tournament at Christchurch, but next year we hope to have the shield once more in our possession.

The teams have shown a steady improvement since the beginning of the year, mainly owing to the weekly practices held in the gymnasium. We expect even more improvement, as the services of a coach have been secured.

## BOXING CLUB.

*He thinks that a battle is glorious—  
That there's nothing so fine as a fight,  
And as long as he's always victorious  
The fellow is probably right.*

"Evening Post," 13/6/25.

There can be no question of the fact that the coach, with only five weeks in which to produce results from a not over-extensive selection of material, did his utmost; then, too, those who were in Christchurch at Easter will bear witness that the Victoria representatives did try hard; but the hypothesis was too much (which amounts to saying that time given to preparation was too short) with the result that the under-fed and over-trained members of the team were the exceptions. However, though no doubt Canterbury contemporaries would have laughed at us, we thought the bouts for selection of the tournament representatives were of quite a good standard and the little bits of blood and spirit, both in evidence, contributed towards an enjoyable evening.

Since Easter various holidays and Annual General Meetings have interrupted our use of the gym. on Wednesday evenings, but recently our rights have been more fully respected and two very satisfactory practices have been held. It is unusual to see from 15 to 20 enthusiasts hunting for gloves and waiting in queue for the punch-ball, but, with qualifications, such has been the case. Perhaps the interest may be attributed to the College Championship Tourney with which the Club is threatened at the end of the winter term and at which we hope some recognition will be given to the successful competitors.

Some very capable exponents, giving promise of even better performances, have associated themselves with the Club since Easter, and if they can persevere in their practice throughout the winter we anticipate that the representatives will have to attend to their laurels and their skilful left hands. The weakest weight is at present the heaviest, and in view of which

the Boxing Club feels justified in appealing to the sister body whose members train in gym, and claim to have a strong crowd of forwards, evidently too many for their own needs, to send along some 14 stone artists; men who can stand a lot of hitting (for we make no rash promises and there is no insurance policy) and still kick out like mules. We know they are well trained and clever with feet and head, and we wonder why they are bashful with their hands.

We wish to place on record our gratitude to the Wellington Boxing Association for their kindness in allowing us the use of their ring padding; we would also thank Mr. Earle Stewart for acting as referee in our contests before Easter.

## MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

*"For he, by geometric scale  
Could take the size of pot of ale;  
Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,  
If bread or butter wanted weight;  
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day  
The clock does strike by algebra."*

—Hudibras.

The new year saw quite a well-attended gathering at the Annual General Meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society, at which Mr. H. McWilliams presided. Last year's report and balance-sheet were read and received.

Officers were elected who have succeeded in producing a programme worthy of the Society, setting out this year's activities.

Greetings have been exchanged with our sister Association, the Canterbury University College Scientific Society.

The patrons have again favoured the Society by providing light refreshments after our meetings. We wish to thank Professor and Mrs. Sommerville, Professor and Mrs. Florance and Miss Marwick for their hospitality on these occasions.

Our sessions opened with an interesting lecture by Professor Sommerville, D.Sc., on "Fermat and the Theory of Numbers." At the next meeting Mr. A. Jackson, M.Sc., on the Physics side, dealt with the "Theory of the Rutherford-Bohr Atom," which he illustrated with lantern slides. It was of particular interest especially when we remember that Sir Ernest Rutherford is visiting our College later in the year.

Lectures on the "Duplication of the Cube" and the "Trisection of the Angle," by Messrs. Miller and Shotlander respectively, proved an interesting evening, more so because one of the speakers produced a working model.

The remainder of the session promises to be instructive. It is gratifying to note the interest being taken in the Society. Meetings are held fortnightly on alternate Tuesday evenings, the time and place being posted on the notice board. The Secretary is always pleased to give further information regarding the activities of the Society.

## CHRISTIAN UNION.

*"The threepenny bit is not to be despised. Men famous in no way for their style, not even for their learning, have maintained life by inscribing within its narrow boundaries the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments. . ."*—Belloc.

We have decided that this issue of the "Spike" will witness something new in the matter of C.U. notes. Every half-year the secretary scratches his head and wonders—then ends with a revised edition of the notes of the three years before. This year, however, all is to be changed—the C.U. notes are to scintillate, to sparkle, to show something of the vim which is invigorating our Union.

Cambridge Conference gave us the impetus; a pre-session retreat at Rona Bay carried us on to the beginning of College life, and once more we were all but submerged in the usual sea of troubles. The hand-books were so late in appearing that they had lost more than half their value, and the long delay over the arrival of the Bible Study books prevented us from

beginning study circles until the second term. But we were not quite overwhelmed and we work on undaunted. The study circles are now in full swing, and seemingly delay has caused no loss of enthusiasm.

Social teas have been revived again, but the number at them has been small owing, we hope, to the uninviting weather. Where, oh, where do all the musicians go on Saturday nights? There has certainly been a sad lack of them at the social teas. Now, however, the teas have been taken over by the Students' Association and there are likely to be interesting developments. So "watch the notice boards."

Sunday teas are held monthly in St. John's Schoolroom, on the first Sunday of the month. The next one will, however, be on the last Sunday of June to coincide with the visit of the N.Z.S.C.M. General Secretary, Rev. W. H. P. McKenzie.

Intercession circles are held weekly—on Wednesdays from 8.15 p.m. in A3, and on Sundays at 8.30 p.m. in the Y.W.C.A., Boulcott Street.

General Meetings are once again the order of the day, but more time is now given up to discussion than in former years. These meetings are held fortnightly at the close of the Intercessory Circle.

This year we have had an even larger number of visitors than usual. Our two N.Z. women secretaries and our foreign secretary have been very welcome visitors "home" to Victoria College. We were privileged in having Miss Gavin in Wellington until the last moment, as she sailed on her return to India from Wellington.

To bid her farewell our Union, with the members of Auxiliary, gave her a party in the College gymnasium, which seems to have been quite successful, though it was unfortunately during the vacation.

Rev. W. H. P. McKenzie has also been here, followed closely by Rev. E. C. Dewick, Student Movement Secretary in India.

During their visit a week-end retreat was held at Hutt Park, which, from all accounts, was a great success, in spite of the fact that the barometer registered something approximate to freezing point, and the cook soaked sugar for the porridge instead of oatmeal.

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## HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

*"How many pleasures have been enjoyed by robbers, patricides, tyrants."*

—M. Aurelius Antonius.

It has long been felt that History has not held the place in the University which it should hold. This year, in order to remedy the evil, an Historical Society, having as its main object the study of History in its broadest aspects has been formed.

Meetings are held regularly and papers on Historical topics are read and discussed.

The Society held its opening meeting on April 20th, when Miss N. E. Coad, M.A., gave a short address on the report of the recent History Commission. About forty people were present, and an interesting if not entirely relevant discussion followed.

The next meeting was at the beginning of June (the vacation interfering with monthly meetings), when Mr. Beaglehole spoke on "History in the University." A certain amount of interest was created in this subject by the inflammatory, if rhetorical, question displayed in the hall: "Why do all the duds take History?" a complete answer to which, however, was judiciously dodged. History had not hitherto occupied the place in the University in N.Z. which was its right; but there were signs of awakening interest. The examples of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Manchester were quoted, and a plea made to try to attract the very best brains among young students to the subject. Fairly wholesale reforms were suggested in the present syllabus. The discussion consisted mainly of questions on various points among the suggested changes, after which Professor F. P. Wilson remarked that a good many of them would be found incorporated in the new syllabus, on which a committee was now working.

Further addresses have been arranged, and it is hoped that the interest shown so far in the Society will be maintained throughout the session.



## SOCIAL SERVICE CLUB.

*"The world is not a menagerie, but a brotherhood."*—Eden Philpot.

The name of the "Social Service Club" is sufficiently indicative of its purpose. The first report on the activities of the Club was contained in the last number of the "Spike" when it was indicated that this effort in constructive social service was then in full operation and the Club firmly established. Even at that stage, however, it was thought, and not without reason, that like many other similar efforts, although the Club gave every indication of success, after the novelty of the work had ceased to attract members and all experiences associated with the inception of a new Club had passed away, students might tire in their enthusiasm, and the Club might possibly die an inglorious death. It is with pleasure, however, that we are able to report that the work of the Club is still in the same flourishing condition and that the scheme of service which has been undertaken at Porirua Mental Hospital has been continued uninterrupted since the date of our last report.

Parties of students have visited the Mental Hospital on every Saturday afternoon since the establishment of the Club with the exception of two special occasions, one Anzac Day and the other a Saturday when special circumstances rendered the visit impossible. Most members of the Club are either teaching or working in offices during the day in addition to pursuing their ordinary studies. Saturday afternoon, therefore, is usually the only free afternoon for members. Hence it is a matter of which the Club can be justly proud that it has been possible to find a sufficient number of students willing to render personal social service to enable the Club to send a party to the Hospital weekly, without interruption, over a period of twelve months.

It might be explained that the nature of the work performed consists of visiting those patients selected by the doctors who have no friends, possess no estate and never receive any visitor, manifesting a kindly interest in their welfare as well as providing each of those visited with a small supply of luxuries in the way of fruit, confectionery, literature, cigarettes and tobacco.

In addition to the weekly visits the Club has also arranged a considerable number of concerts for the benefit of all the inmates, and in this work has obtained the assistance of people other than University students, including some of Wellington's leading talent.

Financially also the Club has been successful. A report on the activities of the Club was published in December last and forwarded to a large number of interested people as well as to a considerable number of commercial firms, together with an appeal for assistance. In this way, and also by other means the Club obtained a number of donations from generously disposed persons, with the result that the funds provided were such that the effort has not been hampered in any way for want of funds. Furthermore, various fruiterers in town, confectioners, tobacconists and wholesale publishers have provided the various supplies necessary for distribution at the Hospital, while motorists and motor firms have given the free use of their cars. All this has assisted in making the effort a success.

The main factor, however, in the success or otherwise of the whole work is the enthusiasm manifested by students, and on the continuance of this enthusiasm will depend the future of the Club. It is desired, therefore, to appeal to all students to join the Club and give some small part of their time to an effort of alleviating distress, which will fit them to become better citizens and will also enable them to provide a definite contribution to the welfare of the community; a duty which is imposed on every person who feels a sense of social responsibility, and perhaps particularly on University students. Those unable to assist by personal service could help the Club with donations, which should be addressed to Miss E. Pearce, treasurer of the Social Service Club. Women students who are willing to visit the Hospital on Saturday afternoons should communicate with either Miss R. Gardner or Miss Cooley, while men students who are willing to assist the effort in any way should communicate with the organiser, Mr. J. W. Davidson.



## TRAMPING CLUB.

*"Let the wise ones grow wrinkled and furrowed of brow  
In their feverish chase of the lucre,  
But give me the peace of the lonely outback  
And a bed in the fragrant manuka."*

Certain it is that poetry and tramping are the two noblest activities if man; whence the reason we preface our few remarks with the above immortal quatrain. Not that the simple creed of the bard is altogether adequate to our present weather—the manuka may have a perfume of much delicacy and elusive charm, but on a cold night with the rain driving down give us a convenient-sized hut with a large fireplace and plenty of wood, with wire-netting bunks and an extra blanket, and our luck holding out with a fine day to follow. Give us plenty of stew and a good lot of bush, and the wise ones, lucre, fever, and all can go hang. So much for poetry; let us get on with our tramping.

Our activities march forward on unwearied feet, though some of the brightest and best of former days we see reft from us by a hard fate or their own increasing age. But the band of brothers and sisters who remain cling with unexampled courage and pertinacity to the high ideals of the Club. The number and magnificence of the tramps carried out make enumeration difficult and description impossible—can one analyse the sunset over the South Island seen from the Makara coast, or communicate the thrills which animated the breasts of two young stalwarts as they edged their way up a crumbling perpendicular cliff with only the cold sea and the jagged rocks a hundred feet below? We can, however, tell the Melancholy Tale of the Abandoned Billies, of the Wakatikei bush and the evening on the bank of the river round the fire while the Prof. and Sammy read "Too Many Books," of the tragedy of the missed spur, and the long trek down the river (cold, cold as it reached over the chest to neck), of the comfort of Draper's Hut and the cold drenching hiss of the rain from 2 a.m. to 5 a.m. as we strode an unknown road to the first train at Trentham. We can tell of the history made anew on the Peak (scaled for the first time), the wild magnificence of Matthews seen from its freezing windy top, and the descent in the pitch dark with torn shins down precipitous gravel slides; of the aching void next day and the noble feed which filled it, of the singularly attractive charms of that very mild-mannered young trog, Palliser Bay Percy. We can tell of the rejuvenated snugness of the hut at Cooley's Creek (how different from last year), with the sequent ascent of Climie and the marvellous fruit-salad that was evolved (with what peculiar mystery!) on top. We can relate the rainy joys of Smith's Creek, its excellent bush and its peerless hut, its gelid plunge in the flooded Tauherinikau in the morning, its darkling plod (somewhat drunk in the tunnels) along the seven miles of cinder track, wet and chilled to the bone, to the Upper Hutt. We can relate the sunny joys of Open Bay and Pipinui Point; the chapter of accident; that was McKerrow (but, ah! place against that so hardly missed boat and the gibes of Muritai yokels, the loveliness of the Turiri and the sardines on toast of Saturday night!); the tale of the so ingeniously pitched tents at Oterongu and the arguments on the nature of God and the Purpose of the Universe, with divagations on the morality of parsons and the ethics of personal insult in debate; we can tell of the record lengthly ascent of Mt. Dick; of the singularly insane start of our tramp to Hutt Forks and the reward which was ours from the weather and Mr. Phillips; of the under-provisioned and (by all accounts) remarkable trip to the Pinnacles; of the valiant episode of the Belmont Trig; the chief adventures of our Te Kaminaru Bay Sunday we remarked on initially—truly the sunset was unprecedented, never to be rivalled—truly that cliff ascent was a miracle of nerve.

Of all these extraordinary and wonderful adventures we could enlarge ad infinitum. Alas! finite pages bound us—cruel, cold is the eye of P.J.S.—we clutch our inadequate garner of recollection and stride into the future. There follows our programme for the next three months:-

July 4th and 5th, Pipinui Point. Meet Wadestown tram terminus at 1.15 p.m. and tramp via Kaukau, etc., to Pipinui Point. On Sunday return via beach and Makara.—Leader, Mr. J. Tattersall.  
July 12th, Pencarrow. Catch 10.30 a.m. boat to Rona Bay (Return fare 1/9), and walk to Pencarrow, returning in time for 5.10 p.m. boat to town.—Leader, Miss J. McGregor.

- July 18th and 19th, **Maymorn**. Catch 1.20 p.m. train to Upper Hutt (return fare 2/6) and tramp to Maymorn. On Sunday explore upper reaches of tramline, or go up river to Hutt Forks, returning by 7.10 p.m. train.—Leader, Miss A. Lysaght.
- July 26th, **Mt. Fitzherbert**. Catch 9.10 a.m. train to Silverstream (fare 1/8) and tramp along ridge to Mt. Fitzherbert (1,230ft.), thence down to Lower Hutt to catch evening train to town (fare 11d.).—Leader, Miss E. M. Holmes.
- August 1st and 2nd, **Orongorongo**. Catch 1.20 p.m. boat to Rona Bay (fare 1/9), tramp via Catchpole to the Orongorongo River. On Sunday go up river and back to town via Petone (fare 10d.).—Leader Dr. J. S. Yeates.
- August 9th, **Colonial Knob**. Catch 9.30 a.m. train to Porirua (fare 1/4) and walk to Colonial Knob (1,540ft.), thence over the ridges to town.—Leader, Mr. R. F. Fortune.
- August 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, **Tararuas**. On Friday catch 4.16 train to Woodside (fare 5/5) and walk to Wall's Hut. On Saturday cross over to Alpha Hut, and next day go on to Field Hut. On Monday, walk into Otaki, where take train to town (fare 5/1). Those who cannot spare Monday can walk to Otaki on Sunday. Those also who are unable to take Friday evening off could catch the early morning train Saturday to Kaitoke and go up the Marchant track, meeting the main party at Alpha Hut. This is the best tramp that Wellington can offer, but, unfortunately, it is dependent on the weather.—Leader, Mr. S. A. Wiren.
- September 5th and 6th, **High Misty**. Catch 1.20 p.m. train to Silverstream (return fare 2/6). Follow the Whiteman's Valley road into the Maungaroa Valley. Climb Mt. Misty and return to Silverstream to catch evening train to town.—Leader, Mr. H. R. Holt.
- September 13th, **Butterfly**. Catch 10.30 a.m. boat to Rona Bay (return fare 1/9) and explore the headwaters of Gollans Stream. Catch evening boat back to town.—Leader, Mr. W. H. Jolliffe.

## RIFLE CLUB.

*"Blood is more easily shed than tears, by men."—Festus.*

The 1924-25 season has been a busy and successful one for the Rifle Club, fifteen shoots being held altogether.

Practices commenced in October, and on the 25th of that month a team was entered for the British Imperial Universities Rifle Match. The weather was unfortunate, there being a strong wind and heavy showers of rain. However, despite this handicap, the team shot well and put up a total of 1148. The names of the team and their scores are as follows:—

	Application		Rapid		Total
	300 yds.	600 yds.	200 yds.	500 yds.	
E. Hogg	34	44	41	43	162
W. J. H. Haase	37	37	40	40	154
A. W. White	46	36	41	20	143
I. Bertram	33	28	43	37	141
J. B. Yaldwyn	42	36	31	31	140
G. E. Parker	38	43	31	26	138
A. T. White	39	29	36	32	136
A. Ainslie	36	28	28	42	134

The results of the match, when they eventually came out, greatly surprised and pleased the members of the team. V.U.C. had gained third place for the whole British Empire. The Challenge Trophy was won by Sydney University with a total of 1,247, while Cambridge was second with 1,199. This year we are going to try again if the weather is kind to us.

At the end of January, fired with our success in the Empire match, and remembering that last year we gained third place, we entered a team for the Wellington Rifle Association Championship in the junior division

and succeeded in winning the Shield. The following are the scores, only ten points separating the first and last man:—

W. J. H. Haase .. .. .	95
E. Hogg .. .. .	94
F. R. E. O'Connor .. .. .	93
H. V. Scott .. .. .	93
I. Bertram .. .. .	91
J. B. Yaldwyn .. .. .	89
G. E. Parker .. .. .	89
A. W. Free .. .. .	85

On the 14th March an attempt was made to shoot the Haslam Shield match, but the weather conditions were so bad that the match had to be postponed until the following Saturday. Whether this postponement had some evil influence on the nerves of the team or not is unknown, but the fact remains that a team which had been shooting consistently well at practices put up a very disappointing score and only managed to gain third place.

On the 11th of July the Rifle Club, in conjunction with the Boxing Club, are holding a dance, at which the Wellington Rifle Association Junior Shield will be presented to the Club, and members will receive their trophies.

The Club Championship Trophy, presented by Pres. Fellingham, of the Karori Rifle Club, was won by Pres. W. J. H. Haase with a percentage of possible for the season of 83.3. This is the second time that Pres. Haase has won the Championship.

Pres. Haase's Trophy for the highest scorer in matches fired during the season goes to Rifleman G. E. Parker with a total of 316 out of a possible 410.

The 1925 Aggregate Trophy was won by Rifleman J. B. Yaldwyn with 454 out of a possible 530.

Blazers for the year 1925 were awarded to the following (percentage of possible given in brackets:—

W. J. H. Haase (83.3), G. E. Parker (81.9), J. B. Yaldwyn (81.6), F. R. E. O'Connor (80.3), I. Bertram (77.5), A. Ainslie (77.0), H. V. Scott (74.9), R. R. T. Young (70.0).

## LADIES' HOCKEY CLUB.

*"Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?"*

—W. B. Yeats.

To date the Club has played four matches and has won only one, that against Ramblers B.

As some of the players are learners, it is certain that the standard of play will improve as the season advances. All the players show considerable keenness, which makes it a matter of regret that the City Council has not yet been able to grant the use of a reserve for practice.

Outstanding players in the matches have been Misses Fletcher, Taylor and I. Campbell.

Outside the players themselves, there seem to be very few hockey enthusiasts among the women students. The Club is always anxious to welcome new players. We do not ask for brilliance or long experience. There is only one necessary qualification and that is keenness for and interest in the game.

## DRAMATIC CLUB.

*"The theater is your Poets' Royal Exchange, upon which their Muses, (yet are now turned to Merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter more than words, Plaudites, and the breath of the great Beast."—Thomas Dekker.*

As usual, the Dramatic Club continued its activities all through the long vacation and, in spite of the difficulties met with in obtaining sufficient casts during holiday time, some very successful readings were held.

The Club is to some extent hampered by the high prices charged in New Zealand for printed plays. Unfortunately Club funds are very limited, but it has been found possible to save a considerable amount by buying direct from England. An order forwarded towards the end of last year was some time in being fulfilled, and in the meantime it was a case of Hobson's choice from the shelves of Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs.

On November the 25th last year, Ibsen's play, "An Enemy of the People," occupied the evening. This reading was not very satisfying, owing chiefly to the fact that the translations used by the readers not being uniform, there was some difficulty in following the cues. Mr. G. O. Cooper read the part of "Dr. Thomas Stockman," a character in which he was really at home, and prevented a disappointing performance. The other characters are so subsidiary that they give little scope to the reader.

Remaining out of the last order from England was one short play, "Scenes from Pickwick," and this, together with a one-act play by Gertrude Jennings, "Converts," made up the next programme. Most of us would be rather dubious of "Pickwick Papers" in a dramatised form, but those who attended this reading were certainly presented with unadulterated "Dickens." Mr. Cooper, whom we have been inclined to overwork, proved an excellent vehicle for Sam Weller's delightful humour. Miss Richmond as "Miss Rachel Wardle," and Miss Hadfield as "Miss Arabella Allen," were also outstanding. Owing to a shortage of readers, three of the five readers in "Converts" were compelled to take more than one part, but the playlet was evidently appreciated by the audience.

The Club's activities for the new year began on February 3rd with "The Romantic Age," by A. A. Milne. This excellent light comedy proved very enjoyable, and Miss Baldwin adapted herself to an excellent interpretation of "Melisande." Mr. Yaldwyn, reading the part of "Gervase Mallory," was equally good.

H. A. Vachell's "The Case of Lady Camber," a fortnight later, did not read well.

For the next meeting a selection was made from the Club's own plays, which had by that time arrived from England. The choice fell on Barrie's "Dear Brutus," which was read on March 10th of this year. As might be expected of one of Barrie's plays, the reading was excellent, and in spite of the fact that it was still vacation time, there was present a fairly large audience. Mr. Baldwin, a Vice-President of the Club, read the part of "Will Dearth," and "Margaret," his imaginary daughter, was read by Miss Thyra Baldwin. The scene between Will Dearth and Margaret in the wood was keenly appreciated, but, indeed, it was difficult to pick out any section of this reading and say it was better than the remainder. Mrs. Baldwin as "Mrs. Coade," Mr. Norman Byrne as "Mr. Purdie," Miss Naida Glover as "Mabel Purdie," and Miss Mary Cooley as "Alice Dearth," could not have been improved upon.

Owing to the large number of applications for the use of the Gymnasium during the first term of this session, it was not until after Easter that there was vacant a suitable night that the Club could utilise. "You Never Can Tell," by Bernard Shaw, was eventually read. A re-arrangement of nights was made for the second term, and alternate Tuesdays were reserved for the Dramatic Club. On June 23, "A Bill of Divorcement," by Clemence Dane, occupied the evening and was very successful. The cast consisted largely of new members, and their excellent reading promises some very enjoyable meetings for this year. Mr. Riske and Miss Peggy Watson especially, are to be complimented on their performance in this play.

The casting committee wishes to make some explanation in connection with the choice of readers. During the vacation the number of Club members available was very limited, and consequently many of them had to be cast again and again for successive readings. This year it is intended to try out every member of the Club. At the same time it is necessary to bear in mind that in order to ensure the success of a reading, the main parts on which the play depends must be filled by persons whose experience assures the casting committee of a satisfactory performance. One of the main objects of the Dramatic Club is the appreciation of plays.

The ladies of the Club have been good enough to undertake to provide supper after each reading, and all Club ladies attending are requested to bring a plate of eats. The men are asked at each supper-time for a monetary contribution to defray the small cash outlay required every time supper is provided.

It was hoped that the Club would be in a position this year to perform a play, but it is expected that this will have to be postponed until next year.

Among the plays to be read in the immediate future are: "R.U.R." by Capek; "Mary Rose," by J. M. Barrie; and "The Tragedy of Nan," by John Masefield.

Big things are expected of this Club next year.

## MUSICAL SOCIETY

*"Strangely to the brain asleep Music comes."*

—John Freeman.

Readers of the "SPIKE" will be interested to hear that the V.U.C. Glee Club, dormant since 1920, has again commenced activities, this time in the form of the V.U.C. Musical Society.

A meeting of students was held on June 22nd, and it was decided that a Musical Society should be formed. A constitution was adopted, officers for the ensuing year elected, and a meeting night fixed.

The new name was chosen with a view to including a College orchestra, if such can be formed, in the Society, and in order to leave the Society sufficient scope for activities in more general directions.

For the present, Glee practices will form the chief work, and for that purpose meetings are to be held in the Gymnasium every Monday evening at 8 p.m.

This Society will, without doubt, prove a great asset to the College. It has long been needed and its inauguration has been welcomed by all. It remains for every student who can sing, or who can play any orchestral instrument to join up.

Make this Society the success that it should be!

## VICTORIA CLUB.

The Victoria Club, although its membership is limited to past and present students of V.U.C., is not an affiliated College Society; its existence and activities, however, have aroused a great deal of interest amongst the students as a whole. As was inevitable, owing to the fact that the Club, having no *locus standi*, was unable to proclaim its existence through the customary medium of the notice boards, misapprehensions have arisen as to the objects of the body. In order to make clear the exact position, a clause of the Constitution is annexed:—

"The objects of the Club are:—

(a) To promote good fellowship and esprit de corps among members and students at Victoria University College, and in particular to cultivate a lively interest in College affairs.

(b) Social and general activities."

The Club is in no sense political, its membership is large, having already climbed to over 100, and its meetings are regular and well attended. The social side of the Club is not by any means neglected, for, although it has been in existence only six months, several very successful functions have been held; further, it is proposed in the near future to lease and furnish a Club-room in the City. If the Victoria Club can by any means accomplish its objects—that it has made an auspicious commencement can scarcely be doubted—it is certain that a great service will have been rendered to the College.

(The foregoing was contributed in response to our request, and is included in the Club Notes section of the "SPIKE" merely for convenience of arrangement. We cannot but wish the Club success in its object concerning the College; it has certainly stimulated interest in the Debating Society.—Ed "SPIKE.")



J. K. MacD—f: Why not have it shingled?

M-r-l C—st-n: It is regretted that your article entitled "How to be the College Vamp" arrived too late for publication.

J. O. J. M—f—y: We agree that the hat suits you—but why not Oxford trousers?

H-w—d P—l: We are sorry you have been finding the mosquitoes so troublesome. Have you tried Q-Tol?

T-d-y -l—s-on: Yes, we agree that in the next procession you should try Gossards.

E—e H-lm-s: Yes, it is much better exercise to walk seventy miles that seven.

I—n H—rr—g: We do not know where the flies go in the winter time, but we have seen a blowfly on Kelburn Parade; perhaps it can tell you.

H. B. K.—k: "Locked in a Library, or the Incarceration of Kirk" is too far-fetched. What has a Kirk to do with a library? The "thrilling" race between Professor of Tramping and the Kelburn car, ending with the abduction of the lady librarian, is the crudest kind of movie stuff.

A. M. L-s—t: We suggest that the S.P.C.A. (perhaps, too, the Plunket Society) had something to do with the Journal of Science and Technology refusing your article on "The Feeding and Care of Agamemnon."

S. B—e: We do not see your point. "The fierce white light" might very well come from motor headlights. "That beats about a throne"—did you not refer to her as "queen of my heart?" Yes, by all means scarify Papa.



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